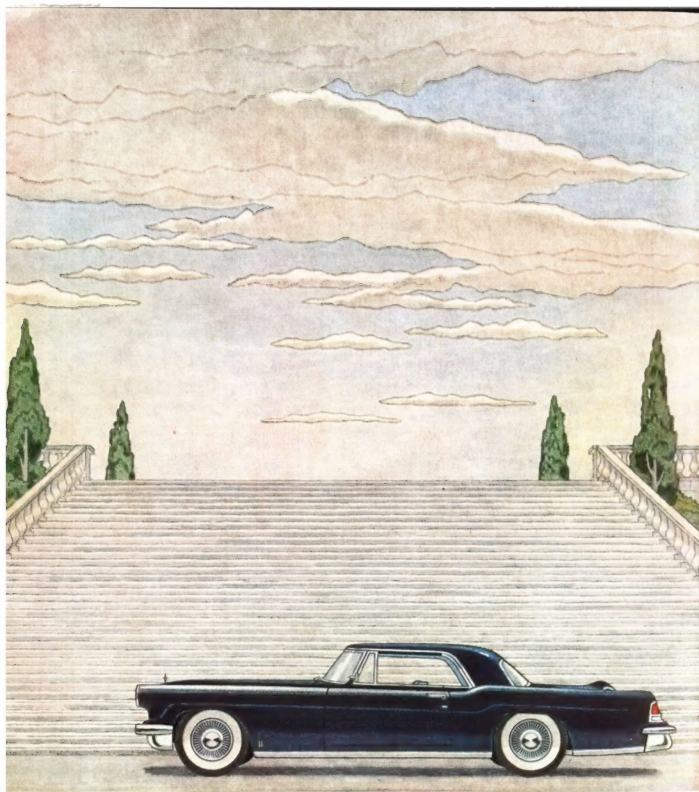


TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



REX HARRISON
in
"My Fair Lady"



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as
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LETTERS

Charlie's Thumb

Sir:

The greatest service the press has done the public in following Defense Secretary Wilson's antics is to advise us of what an ignoramus the president of General Motors was.

W. C. HELLER

Burbank, Calif.

Sir:

If we had fewer admirals and generals decked out in their panoply of braid and brass (from neck to navel), harassing a rabbitlike Congress for more billions for this and more billions for something else, and a few more "Engine Charlies," the country would be a damned sight better off.

OWEN BALDWIN

Silver Lake, Mass.

Sir:

It seems that Mr. Wilson has yet to understand that in addressing U.S. Senators and Representatives (and even accredited members of the press) he is not dealing with persons, but rather with the sovereignty of the U.S. And unfortunately for the Republican Party, I think Mr. Wilson's "the-people-be-damned" attitude symbolizes for many people the feelings of all powerful and affluent members of the party.

LEON G. HAMBLBY

Seattle

Sir:

God bless Charlie Wilson and his big thumb.

MARGARET D. HEYER

Rochester, N.Y.

The Outsider

Sir:

My compliments to the reviewer of Colin Wilson's first book, *The Outsider* [July 2]. It shows a luminously intelligent study and portrayal of an intense theme as if written by the author himself.

LEWIS T. APPLE

Clayton, Mo.

Sir:

Writer Wilson, who believes the world needs a new religion, reminds one of Voltaire's hint to a young man who wanted to know how to start one: "First get yourself crucified, then rise from the dead."

PAUL MORTON

Toronto

Patriots & Cypriots

Sir:

In your June 25 story on Cyprus, you call E.O.K.A. a "terrorist" group, etc. The term "terrorist" is not a successful one. Applying your way of thinking to the history of the U.S., we have to call all Americans who fought for their independence against the British rule terrorists.

P. J. MARGARITIS

Athens, Greece

Sir:

E.O.K.A. men are not terrorists, but patriots fighting for their freedom.

ANGELO COGEVINAS

Corfu, Greece

¶ One country's rebel is apt to be another's patriot, but the word terrorist can be properly applied to those who throw bombs into crowded cafés or churches.—Ed.

Polio Progress

Sir:

The reference to Dr. David Bodian as a "skeptical" [June 25] in relation to the approach to vaccination against poliomyelitis, now in use, does not characterize him accurately. He is not so regarded by his colleagues, nor have his writings or utterances so revealed him.

JONAS E. SALK, M.D.

Municipal Hospital

Philadelphia

Fuss About AFUS

Sir:

Upon reading the letters of protest to a proposed unified armed forces of the U.S. I notice to my dismay that a number of persons are still egotistical and self-centered about their particular service. Wars of tomorrow will require a close coordination of all the services. I hope someone tells this to Pentagon officials.

(A/2C) ROGER E. PEARSON
U.S.A.F.

Aviano A.F.B., Italy

Sir:

I do not suggest that Lieut. Colonel Hugh G. Martin Jr., Infantry, "turn in his suit." He is obviously a dedicated man, and our country needs many like him. However, I am curious to know how many casualties it

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TIME
July 23, 1956

Volume LXVIII
Number 4

TIME, JULY 23, 1956

**Here's a
good way
to start a
good day!**



NUTRITION authorities say that both adults and children miss many healthful benefits if they fail to eat a good breakfast.

Without breakfast, mid-morning fatigue sometimes occurs . . . along with irritability and difficulty in concentrating on work or studies. So a good breakfast is the best way to begin the day.

What is a good breakfast? It should supply 25 to 33 percent of the vital nutrients needed for the day. It should include fruit in some form; bread made from whole-grain or enriched flour; cereal or eggs, meat or fish; and milk either to drink or use on cereal or in a cooked dish.

A breakfast planned around these foods, adding other things you like, provides the "pickup power" you need after having fasted some 12 hours from the meal the night before until breakfast the next day.

Moreover, every item on a wholesome breakfast menu supplies important nutrients. Citrus fruit or fruit juice helps fill your need for vitamin C. Whole-grain or enriched bread and cereals yield energy, B vitamins, iron and other minerals. Milk is important for both its calcium and its proteins, and eggs and meat for their high-grade proteins, vitamins and minerals.

A breakfast that gives you these food elements may help you escape mid-morning fatigue . . . and helps you to avoid overeating at lunch or dinner. This is why overweight people need well-balanced breakfasts.

If you or members of your family seldom feel hungry for breakfast, you might get into a good breakfast habit if you try some of the following suggestions:

1. Start the day at least 15 minutes earlier. This will allow more time for the family to eat unhurriedly without risking tardiness at school or lateness at the office.
2. Try to take a bit of light exercise before breakfast, preferably in the fresh air.
3. Vary breakfast menus as much as possible. New flavors, new ways of cooking and serving can make breakfast a looked-forward-to meal.

If the leisurely, well-balanced breakfast habit is followed, every member of your family may be helped to feel better, think more clearly and work more effectively.

Many recipes which you will find easy to follow . . . including nutritious dishes for breakfast, lunch and dinner . . . are given in Metropolitan's 56-page *Cook Book*. Just clip and mail the coupon below for your free copy.

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was the ground forces' "duty to take" as they "took the ground" of the Japanese home islands.

MARK A. CASMUS

Sumter, S.C.

Sir:

To the Marine captain who could say that he "would rather have a daughter in a house of ill repute than a son in AFUS"—you are evidently not deserving to be a parent.

(A/2C) WILLIAM HAGAN II
U.S.A.F.

Parks Air Force Base, Calif.

Sir:

When will Marines grow up? Having lived with the Marines in troubled times and in the South Pacific in double-troubled times, they are not quite the supermen they like to think they are.

M. F. PAIGE

Boston

Design for Living

Your July 2 cover story on Eero Saarinen gives credit to TIME. But do not stop now! We need more articles like this one to help show what good architecture is and, especially, its increasing availability everywhere. Our communities and homes, in fact our national and international welfare depend upon contemporary or modern architecture being brought down from an esoteric steeple where some would wish to save it.

GEORGE W. CONKLIN

New Haven, Conn.

Sir:

Your Eero Saarinen article was read with interest; the list of "20th Century Form Givers" was, however, riddled with omissions. The most notable absentee was Edward D. Stone, whose architecture is characterized by a textural richness and a sense of human scale found only rarely in the work of those mentioned (Wright excepted, of course).

LESLIE LARSON

New York City

Sir:

We have gas tanks designed like Saarinen's Cylinder Chapel and we never once thought of them as great architectural achievements—merely overgrown storage tanks. And they're quite old.

(MRS.) MARGARET B. SCHILLING

Philadelphia

Sir:

To avoid giving a false impression about the winners of the competition for the Smithsonian Art Gallery in Washington in 1939, it was won by my father, the late Eliel Saarinen, my husband, J. Robert F. Swanson and my younger brother, Eero, as a joint venture. Also, it should be clarified that a major part of the planning research and design for the General Motors Technical Center was done by the same three architects before Eero completed the job.

PIPSAN SAARINEN SWANSON

Swanson Associates Inc.
Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

¶ First prize for the Smithsonian Art Gallery was awarded to Eliel and Eero Saarinen & J. Robert F. Swanson. Architect Swanson left the firm in 1947.—Ed.

Sir:

Having been in architecture as student, practitioner and teacher for 67 years, may I congratulate you on the interesting selection of modern buildings in your color spread?

My own opinion is that we are still fumbling toward what will be a genuine style 50 or 60 years from now.

GOLDWIN GOLDSMITH, F.A.I.A.

(Professor Emeritus)

Austin, Texas

Atom by the Tail

Sir:

After reading and reflecting on your June 25 article about atomic radiation, I almost feel that there are more disadvantages of atomic power to the human race than advantages. Maybe power to the consumer will eventually be cheaper, but at what eventual price? What a lovely world we will have with two-headed, three-legged, seven-fingered monsters populating it!

CLIFFORD B. HAUGHTON JR.

Montgomery, Pa.

Sir:

We don't have to have an "Atomic Age." If men had a hard time catching the atom, they are clever enough to also let go of it like a bad fish.

HELEN GOLDENBERG

San Francisco

The Man Who Knew Mencken

Sir:

I fail to see why you persist in covering the pages of a largely readable magazine like TIME with the acid slop which poured from the mouth of the late H. L. Mencken. I realize that in reviewing Charles Angoff's *H. L. Mencken: A Portrait from Memory* [July 2] you had to use some of the content of the book, but for Pete's sake! Perhaps the only reason that the prejudice-prone Mencken was so critical of all the great men of our time was that he himself was not of their caliber.

PETER GARRISON

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sir:

Your critic managed to get his big toe stuck in his ear. It is the most preposterous book I've ever read. I knew Mencken from 1930 to the year before his death and spent many hours with him just listening to his marvelous talk. Everyone who knew him at all well (except this character Angoff) agreed that he was a gentleman, a polite and considerate man. Yet Angoff makes him out to be an ignorant and selfish guttersnipe.

H. ALLEN SMITH

Mount Kisco, N.Y.

Marginal Note

Sir:

In your June 25 Business section it was stated that "brokerage houses . . . were forced to dump it [stock] on the market as . . . margin fell below the 70% required by the Federal Reserve Board." Actually, the Federal Reserve regulations determine only the initial margin requirements, currently 70% of the total cost of registered nonexempt securities. The Federal Reserve Board sets no maintenance margin requirements. However, the New York Stock Exchange and member firms establish the minimum to which equity must decline before a margin call is issued. The maintenance margin is well below the 70% initial margin.

JOHN L. ABDALIAN

Hempill, Noyes & Co.
New York City

¶ Reader Abdalian is right. The minimum maintenance margin of 25% is set by exchanges; individual brokerage houses also set their own minimums, which range from 25-35%.—Ed.



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of a flashlight

This is a proximity switch. It is used in automation to control machine tool and assembly operations. It acts like a "magnetic detective," signalling when it senses objects containing iron. Its instant response—it can activate a relay 10 times per second—is especially valuable in high-speed operations. This proximity switch is a product of Minneapolis-Honeywell.

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Dear TIME-Reader:

THE impact of a TIME book review is no secret in the publishing world. Writing from New York in *Books and Bookmen*, Britain's new book-trade monthly, Geoffrey Wagner analyzed what he called the strong sales "pull" of a TIME review, reported that the reading public placed great faith in TIME's Books section.

So, apparently, does a large segment of the academic world. I have before me the results of a survey of the faculty members of four universities: Princeton, Texas, Washington and North Carolina. The studies were made to determine (in part) which magazines teachers read and whether or not they are guided by the reviews in those journals when they buy their books. The surveys were conducted separately by the university press at each institution and coordinated by the University of North Carolina Press.

As you will see from the following tabulation covering the four polls, TIME was first choice of faculty members both as a magazine and as to readership of its reviews:

MAGAZINE	NO. WHO LISTED IT	MAGAZINE	NO. WHO READ REVIEWS IN IT
TIME	406	TIME	343
The New Yorker	254	The New Yorker	220
LIFE	186	Harper's	160
Harper's	184	N. Y. Times Book Review	158
N. Y. Times Book Review	165	Saturday Review	143
Atlantic	153	Atlantic	133
Saturday Review	151	The Reporter	78
Reader's Digest	95	Newsweek	71
Newsweek	91	Scientific American	46
Saturday Evening Post	88	New Republic	27

TIME's Books section is, in fact, a little magazine in itself, devoted essentially to literary criticism but also on the watch for new trends and new writers. To this end, its editor and writers examine more than 7,000 books a year, review more than 250. It is unique in that often (nearly half the books reviewed) the author himself has been interviewed by a TIME reporter at home or abroad. Among the recent reviews that have included "takeouts" of the authors, you may recall those of Mary McCarthy (Nov. 14), Simone de Beauvoir (May 28) and Colin Wilson (July 2).

In this issue you will see two of the many letters we have received on our story introducing young (25) Wilson and his prodigious book *The Outsider*. We remarked it was a pity that American readers, short of ordering it from England, would have to wait until next winter, when it will be published in the U.S. Last week Houghton Mifflin announced that, largely as a result of our review, it had revised its schedule and would bring out the book in September.

Cordially yours,

James A. Lisen

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Courtesy and resourcefulness qualify her for the job. Gaye Evans, telephone company Service Representative, obtains information for a customer regarding his telephone service.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANSEL ADAMS

She Likes to Help People

A story about one of the telephone Service Representatives whose "voice has the smile" whenever there's anything you'd like to know about telephone service.

One of the nice things about the telephone business is the way it brings us close to people.

Many, many times each day—in your community and in countless communities throughout the land—we have the opportunity and the privilege of friendly contacts with those we serve. Sometimes they are by telephone. Very often they are personal visits.

Among those with these contacts are Business Office Service Representatives like Gaye (Mrs. Robert) Evans.

"What we like people to do," says Gaye, "is to think of us as their personal representatives at the telephone

company. Whenever there's any question about service or a bill or you're moving or needing more service, we're here to help in every way we can."

Gaye Evans' job takes a special type of person. One who is not only efficient but understanding as well.

Gaye qualifies in many ways. Even in her leisure hours, she finds time to help others, especially the handicapped and the needy. Another of her activities is rehearsing a 26-girl choir.

Gaye sums up one of her main satisfactions this way:

"It's nice to have people think of the telephone company as a place

where they can always find courtesy and consideration. That's our job and we try to be good at it."

Helping the Blind. Raising money to provide "Guide Dogs for the Blind" has been part of Mrs. Evans' work in the Venture Club—an organization of Oakland, Calif., business women.



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

The Bell in Glatfelter Hall

The place was the unadorned, ink-stained President's office in Gettysburg College's Glatfelter Hall. Seated in black leather chairs in a semicircle were seven top Republican congressional leaders headed by Big Bill Knowland, the Senate Minority Leader, and stormy-browed Joe Martin, the G.O.P. leader of the House. Facing them from behind a wooden, felt-topped desk was Dwight Eisenhower, ruddy, bright-eyed, and looking better than he has for weeks. Ostensible purpose of the meeting: resumption of Ike's weekly conferences with the G.O.P.'s congressional leadership.

Bill Knowland was booming his way down a list of 14 legislative items that were considered "priority." When the talk turned to the imperiled foreign-aid program, Knowland paused to let the President review the difficulties as he saw them. Then, without warning, Ike said quietly: "I feel very deeply about this, and I intend to campaign very vigorously and hard on this issue before the country this fall."

"Why Shouldn't I Run?" Fourteen respectful eyes widened abruptly. Then Knowland's face lighted up. Said he, harking back to Press Secretary Jim Hagerty's grinning hint (TIME, July 16) that Ike was once again in a political frame of mind: "That's much better than trying to interpret Jim Hagerty's smile." Ike laughed, then bared the heart of the matter in three brief sentences. "Why shouldn't I run?" he asked. "Last February 29 I surveyed all the reasons pro and con when I announced my decision. I'm in much better condition today than I was then." With that, the talk returned to foreign-aid problems (see below).

The meeting over, the President drove back to the farm. Hagerty flashed the news to G.O.P. Committee Chairman Len Hall, then huddled with Knowland and the others. Asked Knowland: "Shall I tell the press right away he is going to run again, then take up the legislative matters later?" "No," said Hagerty. "Why not just tell what was decided on the legislative program, and let the reporters bring up the political question?"

"Hat in the Ring?" In came the correspondents. "Today," began Big Bill pompously, "we had our regular conference . . ." He droned amiably on, touching hard, while he was at it, on the mutual-aid problems. At length came the inevitable

question: "Was there any discussion of the President running again?"

Knowland gulped a mouthful of air, exploded: "There was!" he boomed. "The President was in excellent spirits and good humor. The President discussed the situation with the legislative leaders, and stated he felt that he was in better shape than

settled the issue with the simplicity and finality of a one-foot putt.

Almost as casually Jim Hagerty later assured reporters that Eisenhower had not changed his mind on the subject of his running mate either; of course, Nixon was on the ticket. With this all settled, the way was cleared for some political



IKE & G.O.P. CONGRESSIONAL LEADERS*
Fourteen eyes had it.

Associated Press

he was when he made his announcement last Feb. 29. He and we are looking forward to an active, vigorous campaign under his leadership." This time the reporters gulped. "Are you telling us," asked one, "that the President told you he would keep his hat in the ring?" Said Knowland, savoring every second: "I am telling you precisely that." Moments later the classroom bell clanged through Glatfelter Hall, and the reporters took the cue to dash for their telephones.

Nixon, of Course. The President's casual announcement was no accident. The time, method and place had been carefully thought out beforehand by Eisenhower and Jim Hagerty (on the day of the big Hagerty smile the week before). First, it was mutually acknowledged that the "health issue" could be somewhat diluted by making it clear that Ike's abdominal operation was no cause for reappraising his post-coronary decision. The next move was simple: a matter-of-fact statement of his position to friends. The friends took care of the rest. Thus the President

discussion. Happy Len Hall bounced into Gettysburg for a 60-minute conference with Ike, later announced that the President would put on a "vigorous" campaign, stressing the use of TV and radio.

Last of all in the notable week came the doctors' report. The patient had improved considerably in his five weeks of recuperation. But the convalescence, Hagerty added, would take at least the predicted six-week period. Eager to return to the White House, Ike drove back to Washington Sunday. He will not be expected to carry a full work load, and may still be convalescing when he takes off for the meeting of inter-American Presidents in Panama late this week.

Last week, in his two-hour-a-day work schedule, the President:

☐ Appointed former Inland Steel Chairman Clarence Randall as Special Assistant

* From left: House Minority Leader Martin, House Minority Whip Leslie Arends, Senate Minority Whip Leverett Saltonstall, Senate Minority Leader Knowland.

for Foreign Economic Policy, in place of Detroit's Joseph Dodge, resigned.

¶ Started planning the 1958 budget, which goes to Congress next January, with Budget Director Percival Brundage.

¶ Raised many an eyebrow by nominating for the next United Nations General Assembly, in addition to Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., a list of U.S. delegates that ranges all across the political spectrum: California's Knowland, Minnesota's Democratic Senator Hubert Humphrey, former Marshall Plan Administrator Paul G. Hoffman, and American Red Cross President Ellsworth Bunker, onetime U.S. Ambassador to Argentina (1951) and Italy (1952-3).

THE CONGRESS

Bitter Billions

As soon as the excitement over Ike's campaign intentions had simmered down, Joe Martin took over from Bill Knowland and got the Glatfelter Hall conference back to brass tacks about the foreign-aid bill. The House, as Ike knew, had already sliced the Administration's last-ditch request by more than half a billion to authorize a foreign-aid program of \$3.9 billion for this year. Now in the second go-around it was about to vote the hard cash in an appropriation bill and was flirting with a tough \$3.6 billion, recommended by its Appropriations Committee. Things looked so bad, explained Martin, that pushing for more might result in less. Far better to take the \$3.6 billion, trust the Senate to raise the ante, and then try the House with a compromise.

Ike listened gravely until Martin had finished, then, looking at Joe, remarked: "I'll leave it up to my general."

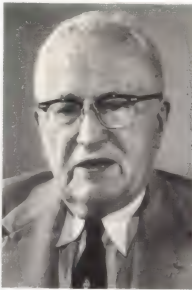
Cutter's Comeback. When the bill came up for debate, General Joe's estimate of the situation was about right. Nonetheless, armed with the new weapon of Ike's promise to run, he was able to inspire some remarkably heroic performances. New York's legendary Republican budget-slasher, John Taber, threw off a lifetime habit to ask that the House raise its sights on foreign aid. This year, flogged Taber, the cuts have gone too deep: Ike should get at least \$4 billion. He was seconded by Massachusetts' Dick Wigglesworth, the Republicans' No. 2 man on the Appropriations Committee: "I stand today as I have always stood for essential economy, but I cannot stand for economy at the expense of national security."

The new heroes persuaded few in the ranks. Brooklyn Democrat John Rooney mockingly pointed out that in the 1952 Korean war crisis Taber, Martin, *et al.* had voted to cut military assistance, and complained, "I don't understand this switching around." Replied New York Republican Ken Keating: "There is one important difference between 1952 and now. We had a different group of advisers advising us then."

Yugoslavia Trouble. Through seven hours of shot, shell and massive irrelevancies the debate boomed on—with each side

charging the other with responsibility for cutting the Administration's request in committee. Finally the House voted 284 (124 Republicans, 160 Democrats) to 120 (70 Republicans, 50 Democrats) to give Dwight Eisenhower the bitter \$3.6 billion for foreign aid and not a cent more.

At week's end General Joe's strategy began to pay off. The Senate Appropriations Committee, taking up the money bill, voted 13 to 8 (with six Democrats joining Wisconsin's Joe McCarthy and Idaho's Henry Dworshak in opposition) to recommend \$4.3 billion in new and carried-over money for the program. Aside



CONGRESSMAN TABER

A lifetime's habit overthrown.

from the total sum itself, the big clash was over an amendment by Knowland and New Hampshire's Styles Bridges to cut off military aid to Yugoslavia. The amendment was defeated, but the pair have promised to renew the battle when the bill goes to the balky Senate this week. Predicted Minnesota's Edward Thye wearily: "We're going to have a hard and bitter fight."

Work Done

Speeding up its pace as it headed for possible adjournment by next week, the Senate last week:

¶ Authorized by voice vote a full-scale (\$300,000) inquiry into the current progress and goals of the foreign-aid program by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee—a sharp rebuke to the Administration for its badly muddled foreign-aid presentation this year.

¶ Approved after five minutes' discussion and sent to the House a watered-down version of the Bricker Amendment contained in a bill (sponsored by Minority Leader Bill Knowland) requiring the Secretary of State to show the Senate, besides all regular treaties requiring formal ratification, the full texts of all hitherto secret executive agreements entered into

by the President with the heads of other governments. Said Ohio's John W. Bricker: "A step in the right direction."

¶ Passed, by a 49- (46 Democrat, 3 Republican) 10-40 (all Republican) vote and sent to the House an Administration-opposed bill "authorizing and directing" the Atomic Energy Commission to spend \$400 million to speed commercial atom-power development. The Administration's position: the AEC is already doing all it should rightly do.

¶ Approved, by unanimous vote in the Senate Judiciary Committee, a general restitution bill requiring the U.S. to return upwards of \$500 million worth of enemy property—corporate and individual—seized from Japanese and Germans under World War II legislation. The Administration, vigorously opposed to the bill, wants an overall \$100 million ceiling, under which payments would be restricted to individuals and limited to a top of \$10,000 on each claim.

¶ Approved by voice vote and sent to the House an Administration-backed bill authorizing construction of the \$156 million Frympan-Arkansas project in Colorado. The project would funnel water from the Colorado River basin through the Continental Divide into the Arkansas River basin, where more water is badly needed for power and irrigation purposes.

The House:

¶ Passed, 391-0, and sent to the Senate an election-year special—a bill raising benefits to 2,000,000 veterans with service-connected disabilities.

¶ Learned, through a manifesto signed by 83 Southerners (79 Democrats, 4 Republicans), that the Administration's civil-rights program is in for desperate rear-guard treatment when the House debates on it this week. The Southern Congressmen, calling the bill "sinister and iniquitous," declared that it would intensify racial antagonisms, and indicated that they would try to amend it to death. Even if the bill passes the House, it is certain to be filibustered in the Senate.

AGRICULTURE

Cutting the Surplus

Bushel by bushel, bale by bale, the U.S. has succeeded in cutting down its embarrassing surplus of farm products by \$2.9 billion since 1954 (still leaving more than \$8 billion), the White House reported last week to Congress. Of that amount, \$1.2 billion in surplus food, tobacco and cotton was either sold, bartered (for precious minerals and other materials), or given outright to the needy during the first six months of 1956. Overall, the U.S. lost money in the disposal, from 1) a \$1.3 billion deficit on the actual sales and donations, 2) the exchange of surpluses for foreign currency, most of which was dispensed again in foreign aid. While the President was on the subject, he added his hope that Congress would double the \$1.5 billion ceiling on foreign-currency transactions, also permit the U.S. to barter with Iron Curtain countries.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Arsenic for the Ambassador

One of the best kept secrets of U.S. diplomacy has been the cause of recurring illnesses of Clare Boothe Luce during her three years-plus as Ambassador to Italy. Last week the secret came out: she was poisoned.

The scene of the poisoning was one of Borgia splendor: her spacious, high-ceilinged bedroom in the 17th century Villa Taverna, the residence of U.S. Ambassadors to Rome. When Ambassador Luce took over in Rome in late April 1953, she loved the bedroom at first sight, noted approvingly that the heavy-beamed ceiling—adorned by a long line of predecessors as a fine example of Italian Renaissance décor—had been newly painted. The beams were in terra cotta green, decorated with cluster upon cluster of roses and rosettes. Many coats of heavy paint had been brushed onto the white roses to make them stand out richly against the background.

In the months that followed, the bedroom became her favorite room. There she could dictate and write after a day of meetings, interruptions, official calls and callers. There before another busy day she could read over her breakfast tray and a second cup of coffee.

Painful Waltz. After the first year in Rome, Clare Luce discovered to her surprise that she had to make great efforts to keep up the pace she had set herself. Day after day, she found herself feeling vaguely tired and ill. At first she ascribed the trouble to "Roman tummy," common to many a tourist. Then bone-grinding fatigue set in. Nervousness and nausea followed. At an art festival in Venice a friend asked her to waltz. She found that her right foot was benumbed: she almost had to drag it in dancing.

In the late summer of 1954 she returned to the U.S., underwent long medical examination in a New York hospital. The experts' verdict: she had the symptoms of serious anemia and of extreme nervous fatigue. Feeling better after two months in the U.S., she went back to Rome to face the full work load. In a short time, all the symptoms reappeared and some new and frightening ones developed. Her fingernails became brittle, broke at a slight tap. She began to lose blonde hair by the brushful. Her teeth were noticeably loosening. Worst of all for a diplomat, she had become irritable. She was forced to spend more and more time abed, and she always felt the worse for it.

Ugly Word. Late in 1954, too busy to return to the U.S., she went to the U.S. Navy Hospital in Naples, where the doctors found a heightening of the conditions her New York physicians had listed. Noting that gum and mouth tissues were greatly inflamed, a Navy nose-and-throat specialist asked if any of her medicines contained arsenic. None did. It was the first time the ugly word had been mentioned in connection with her illnesses.

Some weeks later Ambassador Luce mentioned the ugly word to a friend in the Central Intelligence Agency. On a routine trip to Naples he checked with the Navy physicians. Suddenly the gravity of the situation hit home. On their own, the Navy doctors had already sent their findings and laboratory specimens to the topflight laboratories of the U.S. Naval Hospital in Bethesda, Md. On the Navy's records the patient was fictitiously identified as Seaman Jones. Back to Italy went the report: Seaman Jones is a victim of arsenic poisoning. The news was relayed to Ambassador Luce while she was at

player in her bedroom, frequently faltering, had been sent out for overhaul, and the repairman had reported that its mechanism was clogged with whitish dust and particles of paint.

The agents went to work on the room, found other lodes of white dust in folds of draperies, in cosmetics, in crevices and corners of furniture. Quick tests showed a high content of arsenate of lead. The source of the deadly fall-out: the painted roses of the ceiling. The experts also found that the heavily leaded paint exuded fumes in Rome's humid weather. The conclusion: for 20 months Ambassador Luce had been breathing arsenated fumes, had been eating food and drinking coffee powdered day after day with the deadly white dust.

New Point. The final discovery was made more than a year ago, and since then she has closely guarded the secret. But such a bizarre story could not keep for long. Last week friends told her they had heard snatches of the story—at a dinner in Virginia, at a Connecticut party, at a Texas air base. The details were coming out.

Since mid-May Clare Luce has been in the U.S., undergoing treatments to correct the arsenic-induced infection. Her general health is greatly improved, and she is scheduled to leave this week for a three-week Mediterranean cruise. Then she will return to Villa Taverna (the bedroom and its rosetted ceiling have been long since redone in non-leaded paint) and to the embassy duties that she has often described as "no bed of roses."



AMBASSADOR LUCE
A deadly dust among the roses.

home during the 1955 New Year's holidays. Further tests in New York confirmed it.

Clare Luce was quick to see that she had a dilemma to face. If the news became public, there would be an inevitable headline hue. In this ticklish situation the secret was born. CIA and embassy officials quietly went to work. U.S. and Italian employees at the villa and the embassy were quickly investigated. No individual who had any close contact with the ambassador seemed even remotely a suspect.

Peril Overhead. Within a week an assortment of disconnected leads pointed to the rose-covered bedroom in Villa Taverna. The villa's service quarters are immediately above the bedroom, and the ambassador had noticed heavy footfalls shaking the beams as the servants went about their chores. Another random point: her breakfast coffee had always tasted bitter and metallic—so much so that she decided privately that no Italian could make American coffee, and installed her own coffeemaker. Another point: she always felt worse in the mornings; the symptoms were most acute after she had been abed. One of the clinchers: a record

To Hearten the Lionhearted

Nowhere during his twelve-day global tour did Vice President Nixon see a more impressive gathering assembled to greet him than at journey's end last week. On hand, as Nixon's Air Force Constellation touched down at Washington's MATS Terminal after 27,477 miles, were State's Secretary John Foster Dulles and Under Secretary Herbert Hoover Jr., some 20 G.O.P. Senators and Representatives marshaled by Senate Minority Leader Bill Knowland, Republican National Chairman Len Hall, and diplomats from the six nations Nixon had visited on his voyage around the world. Travel-weary but smiling, Dick Nixon greeted old friends, but kept his conclusions to himself until he could fly to Gettysburg for a report to the man who had sent him hopping from the Philippines to Viet Nam, Formosa, Thailand, Pakistan and Turkey.

Behind him the Vice President left crackling reaction to his long-distance debate with neutralism's high priest, Pandit Nehru (see FOREIGN NEWS). In Manila, on the first stopover of his journey (TIME, July 16), Nixon had re-emphasized U.S. views on "the fearful risk" of neutralism and the wisdom of collective security. In London, 6,667 miles away, attending the conference of British Commonwealth Prime Ministers, Nehru's sensitive ears picked up a personal implication. Retorted he: Nixon-Dulles pronouncements on neu-

tralism constituted neither a democratic nor a happy approach to good international relations.

"Very Antithesis." Informed of Nehru's comment on his arrival in Karachi, Pakistan, Nixon said: "I think if Mr. Nehru would read my speech carefully . . . [he] would find that my speech is the very antithesis of undemocratic procedures . . . My answer to Mr. Nehru would be that anyone who suggests that Communist assistance . . . is not inconsistent with independence and freedom is not reading correctly the lessons of history."

In Washington, election-conscious Democrats were quick to jump into the debate. Tennessee's Estes Kefauver took the Senate floor to complain that the Nixon-Dulles policies may "drive India

stout allies as the Philippines, Pakistan and Turkey that the lionhearted still receive the lion's share of U.S. assistance, that noisy neutrals do not do nearly so well. But as the free world's top power, the U.S. must still be allowed to deal in its own way with friend, neutral or enemy. Nixon's welcome at MATS Terminal was demonstration that the Administration considered his delicate mission nicely completed, deserving of a "well done."

Conduct & Example

Tanned and refreshed after a ten-day rest-and-think vacation at his Duck Island retreat, Secretary of State Dulles went back last week to Washington and to the riddle that has become his No. 1 preoccupation: What is happening in and to

and uncertainty within their sphere that are potentially fatal not to the U.S. but to Russia's own world position.

"What could the West do in order to help those forces at work in Russia?" asked a newsmen. Dulles' reply was a good definition of 1956 U.S. foreign policy: "I believe that the most we can do is to adhere to the old historic American tradition of setting an example of the good fruits of freedom . . . The idea that we can help along by direct interference is, I think, a false idea. It very rarely helps to bring about changes in a foreign country to have foreigners themselves directly intervene in their internal affairs."

"But we can and do, I think, set an example which is felt throughout the world, and that tends to stimulate these processes. They would not be irresistible, in my opinion, if it were not for the fact that there is this constant demonstration going on as to how good freedom is. It is a conduct and example which catches the imagination of people, and that is why people throughout the world are constantly striving to get more freedom and more liberty."

Diplomats at Work

Into Foggy Bottom one day last week tramped stormy-faced Soviet Ambassador Georgy N. Zarubin for an interview with Secretary of State Dulles. It was obvious, as Zarubin cooled his heels in the State Department's fifth-floor reception room, that something was on his mind beside the new Kremlin policy of smiles. Ushered into Dulles' office, he protested angrily that four times in early July and four times last April U.S. planes based in West Germany had "deliberately" penetrated the air space over Baltic Russia—"some for more than 2½ hours" and by as much as 214 miles. He got a polite but short (ten minutes) hearing.

Dulles later told his press conference that he knew "nothing about the matter whatsoever," had referred the complaint to Defense with the request that it report back. Publicly, the Air Force replied that Zarubin could not have been talking about USAF planes because "no USAF planes have been flying over Soviet territory." Privately, U.S. airmen expressed surprise at the charges. In the past, the trigger-jumpy Russians have first shot down non-Communist planes in the vicinity of their borders, lodged their protests afterwards. If a U.S. plane had indeed been over Soviet territory for 2½ hours, it was a revealing insight into the state of Soviet defenses.

Other areas where U.S. diplomacy was at work last week:

Israel. In an hour-long interview Israeli Ambassador Abba Eban sought to persuade Dulles that Premier David Ben-Gurion's dismissal of moderate Foreign Minister Moshe Sharett did not mean a return to the policy of answering Arab raids with reprisals-in-force. State, unconvinced, thinks that news reports quoting Ben-Gurion as having threatened Jordan with armed retaliation (in defiance of the



SECRETARY DULLES GREETING VICE PRESIDENT NIXON
In history's lessons, a text for Janus.

United Press

and the other nations of Asia who follow her lead into more open friendship with the Soviet system." Minnesota's Hubert Humphrey suggested that Nixon, in sounding off about Nehru in Karachi, had used "the wrong place to say the wrong thing at the wrong time." Although some State Department deskmen agreed that it was indelicate diplomacy to answer India's leader from the capital of his unfriendly neighbor, the Administration policymakers figured that Nixon had said substantially the right thing at the right time.

Duty & Dilemma. What Nixon had been specifically dispatched to say was a warm word of reassurance to U.S. allies in Asia and the Middle East. The U.S. is willing to help such Janus-like neutrals as Nehru, Nasser and Tito, who negotiate with East and West at the same time. But State is painfully aware of a basic dilemma: every dollar granted a free-wheeling neutral irritates loyal allies who sometimes grouse that the two-face bargainers get the best of both worlds. The Vice President's job was to reassure such

Soviet Russia and its empire as destabilization marches forward? Said Dulles, whose interpretations of shifting Soviet events are currently guiding fast-moving U.S. foreign policy: "The forces [for change] that are now working [in Russia] are going to prove to be irresistible."

Answering questions at his first post-vacation press conference, Dulles foresaw "no sudden transformation" in the U.S.S.R. Said he: "It is not a matter for this year or next year, but I believe this second postwar decade will see these new forces take charge of the situation and that we can really hopefully look forward to a transformation of the international scene."

Although Dulles realizes that changing Russian policy calls for contrapuntal shifts in U.S. economic and political policy, he disagreed fundamentally with such top-flight Democrats as Adlai Stevenson and Averell Harriman, who say that Russia is winning diplomacy's chessboard battles and that the U.S. is losing. By his reckoning the Soviets have unleashed ferment

U.N. armistice agreement) for border raids indicate the fiery Premier's thinking more clearly than Eban does.

North Africa. Assigned to Rabat, capital of newly free Morocco as the first U.S. ambassador: Cavendish Welles Cannon, 61, onetime schoolteacher, longtime Foreign Service careerman and specialist on the Balkans and Middle East, since 1953 U.S. Ambassador to Greece. Shy, hard-working Cavendish Cannon will have plenty to do at Rabat. In prospect for the U.S. are tough negotiations with Morocco over the future of four major U.S. bomber bases. Another delicate problem: Morocco is being courted by 1) Egypt to join its "neutralist" sphere of influence, 2) Iraq, worried by Egyptian expansionism, to link up with the pro-Western Baghdad Pact. State is not passing out advice to Morocco in such a delicate situation, but "believes" that the Moroccans will want to stick to an independent role to get maximum leverage in the air-base negotiations.

East Europe. Communist Rumania flagged Washington that it accepts in principle the Eisenhower plan for a wider "people-to-people" exchange with Soviet bloc countries and the mutual establishment of information (books, periodicals) centers. Noted with interest by State: Rumania accepted, even though Moscow's *Pravda* has charged that the information-

For a U.S. burdened by wheat and rice surpluses, the plan was attractive if it could be carried out without disrupting Southeast Asia's touchy rice economy. At State the Pak-plan was taken "under active consideration."

The Atom. Answering pleas by India, Yugoslavia and Russia that the U.S. stop testing nuclear weapons. U.S. Delegate (to the U.N. Disarmament Commission) James J. Wadsworth last week replied that 1) the tests "do not constitute a hazard" when properly conducted; 2) the U.S., in the interests of its own and free world security, will continue the tests until agreement is reached to limit nuclear weapons "under proper safeguards."

DEMOCRATS

The Issue of Softness

"This fellow," said New York's Governor Averell Harriman, waving a bony hand at a picture of Dwight Eisenhower that chanced to be hanging on the wall, "has been as naive as any person in history about the true nature of the Communist conspiracy."

Then, warming up to his task—a breakfast speech one day last week before freshman Democrats of the House and Senate—Ave recalled that in 1945 Ike had "expressed the view" that Russia and the U.S. could work together in saving the peace. "And what did he do at Geneva last year? Put his arm around his old pal General Zhukov, and said they both had the same desire for peace."

"That Smear." If anyone believed (and many had) that softness to Communism would not be an important issue in the 1956 campaign, William Averell Harriman shattered all doubts. And as Harriman outlined the problem, it did not appear to be just a Democrat v. Republican issue. He was, he said, "the only fellow in the position to be a candidate for President" who was never "soft on Communism. No one can pin the soft-on-Communism label on me." Did Harriman mean to imply that he was less vulnerable than Adlai Stevenson or Estes Kefauver? "That smear, if it starts," he retorted heatedly to a National Press club luncheon. "is a lie and untrue. In no sense was [the statement] a disparagement of these two fine Democrats, Stevenson and Kefauver."

Having left one fuse sputtering, Harriman took steps to stamp out another. Journeying south to be principal speaker at a dinner meeting of North Carolina's Stevenson-minded Young Democrats in Asheville, he vigorously denied the oft-repeated statement that he had advocated the use of federal troops for enforcement of desegregation. "Such a suggestion is repugnant to everything that I believe in."

Not entirely a new Democratic line. In 1948 Harry Truman called the Republican Party the unwitting ally of U.S. Communists; asserted that the Reds wanted a Republican Administration "because they think that its reactionary policies will lead to the confusion and strife on which Communism thrives."

"Campaign of Hate." But he did undertake a Daniel-in-the-lions-den role, told his undersized Southern audience (of 250) that the Supreme Court's segregation decisions are the law of the land and must be enforced as such. If the U.S. is to win its struggle against Communism, he said, "we must recognize that two-thirds



Warren King—N.Y. Daily News
SHHH! THE SKELETONS

of the free people have colored skins" and that the Reds are "using racial discrimination in America for part of their campaign of hate against us."

As the polite patter of applause died away, one of the Young Democrats sighed: "I'm glad it's over. Now he can go back to New York, and we can vote the way we were going to anyway."

Borderline Case

With National Chairman Paul Butler crisply presiding, the Democratic Convention Arrangements Committee gathered in a room in Chicago's Conrad Hilton Hotel one day last week to choose the convention keynote. To begin with, there were polite mentions of 17 possible candidates for the job, but soon the selection narrowed down to three: Minnesota's Fair-Dealing Senator Hubert Humphrey, Oklahoma's stem-winding Senator Bob Kerr (keynote in 1944), Tennessee's Frank Clement, 36, youngest governor in the U.S.

At first the signs were strong for Oilman Kerr, but because he had fought too hard for the natural-gas bill, roundly vetoed by the President (TIME, Jan. 30, et seq.), it was decided that Kerr was not the man for this year. Nor could the committee quite agree that the quick-tongued Humphrey should have center stage so early in the convention; he was too outspoken on civil rights, too vociferously in favor of Adlai Stevenson.

Eager friends of Border-Stater Clement moved in fast on behalf of their man. Clement, quietly staked out in the Stevenson camp (to the disgust of Fellow Tennessean Estes Kefauver), was generally acceptable to both North and South be-



Burton Gillis—Life
AMBASSADOR CANNON
Between two suitors.

center plan is part of a U.S. effort to carry out espionage.

Red China. In Geneva the marathon talks between the U.S. and Communist China over the release of Chinese-held U.S. prisoners and "other practical matters at issue" entered their twelfth month. Principal result to date: eight of the 10 prisoners have been released.

Southeast Asia. Pakistan, hard-hit by a rice famine, asked the U.S. to set up a food bank stocked with 1,000,000 tons of wheat and rice in Pakistani territory. From it Pakistan and other countries in the region could borrow in emergencies.

cause of his "local-level" approach to school desegregation. Far more important than these attitudes was the fact that Boy Wonder Clement is a golden-throated political evangelist with an inexhaustible gift for fervent oratory (see box) and surefire TV appeal.

After the committee had wrangled for 2½ hours, Paul Butler—who had backed Kerr—came out of the meeting to announce that Frank Clement had won the keynote spot. In Nashville, "Guv'nah Frank" tore up a telegram of congratulations he had prepared for Bob Kerr, allowed happily as how "we've had more telegrams and telephone messages on this than when we were re-elected governor."

Named this week to the critical job of chairman of the Democratic convention platform committee: Massachusetts' John W. McCormack, 64. House Majority Leader McCormack, who is, as National Chairman Butler put it, "widely respected both on Capitol Hill and throughout the country for his fairness and understanding," tackled the same chairmanship in 1952. His most ticklish chore this year: steering his committee through to an acceptable civil-rights plank.

ARMED FORCES

Playing with Explosives

Every cherished future plan of the U.S. Army revolves around a time-honored concept known as the mobilization base. The mobilization base consists of a cadre of regular troops, a stockpile of arms and ammunition, stand-by production facilities, National Guard and Reserve units, etc.—all of which are geared to help the Army expand to 100 divisions in less than two years after war comes.

But the U.S.'s long-range military planners—including Dwight Eisenhower, Defense Secretary Wilson and Chairman Arthur Radford of the Joint Chiefs of Staff—firmly believe that the next big war, if it comes, will be an atomic-airpower onslaught. Consequently in planning future U.S. military policy, they put heavy stress on ready deterrent forces—the Strategic Air Command, atom-armed Navy carriers and submarines guided missiles.

Discussion Postponed. Last week, well aware that the sacred mobilization-base concept is due to go out the window as deterrent costs rise in future budget planning, the Army fired another resounding

round in the running Pentagon war (Time, June 4) as the generals and the colonels dug in for a convulsive last stand. Leaked to the Army's dependable friend, able New York Times Correspondent Anthony Leviero, was inside information that Admiral Radford proposes to cut the U.S. armed forces from 2,800,000 to 2,000,000 in the next four years. The Army and Navy, said the report (correctly), would absorb most of the manpower slash. All three service chiefs, the story went on, are in revolt against Radford (incorrectly the Air Force's General Nathan F. Twining is with him, the Army's General Maxwell Taylor and the Navy's Admiral Arleigh Burke against). So torrid is the battle, wrote Leviero, that all discussions of the manpower program have been postponed until after the election.

Day after Leviero's story appeared, Admiral Radford moved swiftly to set the record straight. It is true, he said, that new weapons may ultimately reduce U.S. military manpower requirements. But so far as the rumored cut of 800,000 or any other specific proposals go, someone was "anticipating conclusions the chairman [of the Joint Chiefs] himself has not yet reached . . . As is usual in

DEMOCRATS' KEYNOTER

Chosen to deliver the keynote address at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago on Aug. 13: Tennessee's Governor Frank Good Clement.

Early Life & Education: Born June 2, 1920, Dickson, Tenn., son of a druggist-turned-lawyer. Voluntarily tromped off at the age of eight to join the Methodist Church, preached his first sermon at 15. Specially tutored in public speaking by his aunt, Mrs. Dockie Shipp Weems, director of Shipp School of Expression. Married Lucille Christian-son at 19, passed state bar examinations (with highest grade out of 276) a year before graduating from Vanderbilt University School of Law in 1942.

Career & Record: The FBI waived its minimum age requirement (23) to make him an agent at 22, a year later he resigned to join the Army as a private, drew only state-side training duty, was discharged a first lieutenant in 1946. Appointed chief counsel, Tennessee Railroad and Public Utilities Commission at 26, successfully fought attempts to raise cost of phone service in Tennessee and later in Georgia. Recalled to the Army in 1950, went off promising that he would run for governor in 1952. He did, became the youngest governor in the U.S. by defeating Gordon W. Browning by 57,000 votes. (His favorite campaign pitch: "I can outgrow my youth, but my opponents can't outgrow their faults.") Re-elected for a four-year term in 1954 (defeating Browning again in 94 of 95 counties), despite campaign charges—never disproven—that his father was involved in shadowy influence-peddling and kickbacks. Works hard to impress Tennesseans with the fact that his administration is based on clean living, honesty, dawn-to-dusk hard work, Christian fellowship, prayer. Principal accomplishments: mental health program, higher teachers' salaries.

Credentials: Big (6 ft., 195 lbs.), warm and friendly ("Just call me Frank"), a corn-shucking orator whose words cascade like bursts of fireworks, he adds a rich helping of religion to every speech ("If a man's religion and politics



Billy Preston—Nashville Tennessean

don't mix, there is something wrong with his politics"). Close friend of Evangelist Billy Graham, likes to preach sermons in churches as well as halls. For the Eisenhower Administration his lines are something less than religious: e.g., the Administration is "a fantastic political Disneyland . . . half-informed, with a half-thought-out program, half-carried-out, half in the hands of a half-time, half-hearted President." He would be pleased if keynoting should put him in the limelight as a vice-presidential possibility. Unquestionable aid in any projected campaign: his pretty blonde wife ("I want you to know 'Cile; once you know her, you'll like me"), three good-looking children—Robert, 12; Frank Jr., 6; James, 3.

leaks of this kind, there is a mixture of fact and pure speculation."

"Fortress America." There was another kind of mixture in the leaks that held highly explosive implications for the welfare and safety of the U.S., especially since the Communists are doing everything they can to make neutralism inviting. In making their case to Leveiro, the leakers whispered that the manpower cuts meant that the U.S. intended to retreat into "Fortress America" and abandon its allies overseas. Only last month, in a similar desperate gamble to preserve the Army's status quo, Lieut. General James M. Gavin, the Army's razor-sharp director of research and development, told a Senate investigating committee that the fallout from an all-out atomic attack on Russia might kill hundreds of millions of people in friendly nations should certain unfriendly winds prevail. His motive: to attack the deterrent principle.

It was clearly high time for responsible service chiefs to stop wrangling like rival labor leaders, high time for the Commander in Chief to put a stop to such reckless playing with the nation's welfare.

INVESTIGATIONS

A Matter of Reporting

Fishing for a way to open its long-planned investigation of the controversial Fund for the Republic, the House Committee on Un-American Activities last week harpooned Author John Cogley, pulled him to Washington to make some explanations. Commissioned two years ago by the fund to survey political blacklisting in the entertainment world, Cogley had resigned as editor of the liberal Catholic magazine, the *Commonweal*, selected ten assistants, undertaken a twelve-month study. Published last month, Cogley's report found that blacklisting of Communists, "unrehabilitated" ex-Communists and Commie liners was 1) "almost universally accepted as a fact of life" in Hollywood, 2) prevalent in radio and TV, 3) part and parcel of life in the Manhattan advertising agencies that have powerful influence on radio and TV programming. But Cogley's findings were poorly catalogued, highly opinionated, unbalanced, and in some instances, incomplete.

The Power to Wound. The House committee (most of whom had not read his two volumes) listened while Staff Director Richard Arens led the 41-year-old Cogley through a three-hour examination that touched on some glaring weaknesses. In one key section Cogley quotes an anonymous "New York public-relations expert who has guided more than a dozen once-blacklisted performers to the 'right people'" to get their names cleared. Cogley's strong implication: the "clearance men" are vicious operators, "with the power to wound and the power to heal the wound."

Next day Counsel Arens called in the anonymous public-relations expert. He was Arnold Forster, general counsel for B'nai B'rith's Anti-Defamation League. Forster recalled an interview by a Cogley assistant,



AUTHOR COGLEY
Besides the blacklist, a whitelist.

said he had not expected word-for-word quotation, and insisted that Cogley had quoted him incompletely. Though he had indeed linked newspapermen, advertising executives and American Legion officials to "clearance" activities that could "unblacken" performers, Forster said he had no intention of making them out to be "reprehensible" men. Said he: "From where I sat, the men who are alleged to be clearance men in this context were doing good, and not evil." But when Committee Chairman Francis Walter suggested that there really was no blacklisting going on, Forster disagreed, called it "a serious problem."

Fees & Figures. Behind Forster, by invitation instead of subpoena, came the *New York World Telegram and Sun's* Frederick Woltman and American Legionnaire James F. O'Neil to deny they were clearance men. Most breathless witness of the four-day hearing was Vincent Hartnett, 40, author of the unofficial, inexact, who's who of subversion, *Red Channels*. Hartnett described himself as a "talent consultant," denied Cogley's charge that he was "frankly in the business of exposing people with 'front records' and then, later, of 'clearing' them." But Hartnett admitted that he charged moderate fees (\$2 to \$200) for providing dossiers on entertainers' Communist affiliations and for the research work frequently required to clear the names of entertainers who wanted to clear up their troubles. Hartnett arched congressional backs by informing the committee its labors had exposed only 5% of the Communists in the entertainment industries.

In Manhattan the Fund for the Republic's President Robert M. Hutchins was shocked and indignant at the committee's questions and methods; e.g., it promised Cogley a private hearing, then yanked him without aides or counsel into the open

hearing. The *New York Times* bristled editorially that the hearing came "perilously close" to being an effort "to intimidate a man for writing what he believes." There was no doubt that the committee's heavyhandedness had weakened its case. Likewise, there was little doubt that Congress had every right to eye the major activities of a tax-exempt foundation, that the hearing had strongly suggested that Cogley's report was inept journalism at best. As Reporter Woltman put it: "Any newspaper that proceeded the way Cogley did would be subject to grave criticism."

THE ADMINISTRATION

Power Brakes

The Democrats had a grand time when they baited the Administration over the big Dixon-Yates contract that would have allowed private utilities to build a \$107 million steam plant to service the Memphis, Tenn. area (*TIME*, Aug. 15, 1955). They claimed that the deal bypassed and weakened the TVA, thus focused the argument on public v. private power. Further, they said, the AEC had no statutory authority to make the contract. The Democrats' best ammunition came late in the debate when Senate investigators learned that one Adolph H. Wenzel had acted as consultant to the Budget Bureau on the Dixon-Yates contract while at the same time advising the First Boston Corp. on financing for the project.

The Democratic drumfire finally got too heavy for the Administration, and President Eisenhower gladly canceled the Dixon-Yates contract when the city of Memphis decided that it would build its own municipal plant. Whereupon Dixon-Yates (actually a combine of the Southern Co. and Middle South Utilities, Inc.) went to court demanding from the Government \$3,534,778.45 it had already expended on the project. Last week Attorney General Herbert Brownell's Justice Department braked to a halt, wheeled about, asked the Court of Claims to dismiss the Dixon-Yates suit because—in the Department's words—the contract was from the start "unlawful, null and void, and contrary to public policy."

In so doing, Brownell had to repudiate virtually everything the Administration had claimed during the earlier spirited defense of the contract. The Justice Department's brief maintained that the AEC indeed had no authority to make the contract, and furthermore, that the Wenzel conflict of interest certainly invalidated the whole deal.

If the Court of Claims finds for the Government, Brownell will have saved the Treasury \$3,500,000. Yet the irony is that nobody has ever accused Dixon-Yates of the slightest wrongdoing. As far as anyone could see, the utility group's only fault lay in working speedily to fulfill a Government contract—a contract that was bad, if Brownell's brief is to be believed, largely because it was badly fouled up by the Administration.

NATIONAL PARKS:

The U.S.'s Time Dimension



YELLOWSTONE

One of the best known, most popular of all the nation's natural wonders is the Yellowstone River's thundering Lower Falls.

THE story itself was an ancient one, but in the summer of 1956 it enchanted the travelingest, doingest, seeingest people on earth. They marveled at Yellowstone's Old Faithful geyser. They gasped at the grandeur of the Grand Canyon, at the fire falls cascading down the face of Yosemite's Glacier Point, at the stalactitic vastness of New Mexico's Carlsbad Caverns. They agreed that there is nothing more beautiful than the Great Smokies when the rhododendron and the laurel are in bloom. They whispered in the cathedral silence of the towering rain forests of the Northwest. And they shivered a little as they summoned up the ghostly crash of battle at Chickamauga, Fredericksburg and Antietam.

This year Americans are flocking in record numbers through the 28 major parks, the 153 national monuments, memorials, recreation areas and historic sites that make up the U.S.'s unmatched National Park system. On the Fourth of July, 34,000 rolled through the gates of Great Smoky Mountains National Park in North Carolina and Tennessee; 16,000 checked in at Colorado's Rocky Mountain National Park; 4,000 descended into the Carlsbad Cavern of New Mexico; 8,350 arrived at Yosemite, and 20,000 at Yellowstone. By year's end, estimates the Interior Department's National Park Service, the visitor total will reach 55 million.

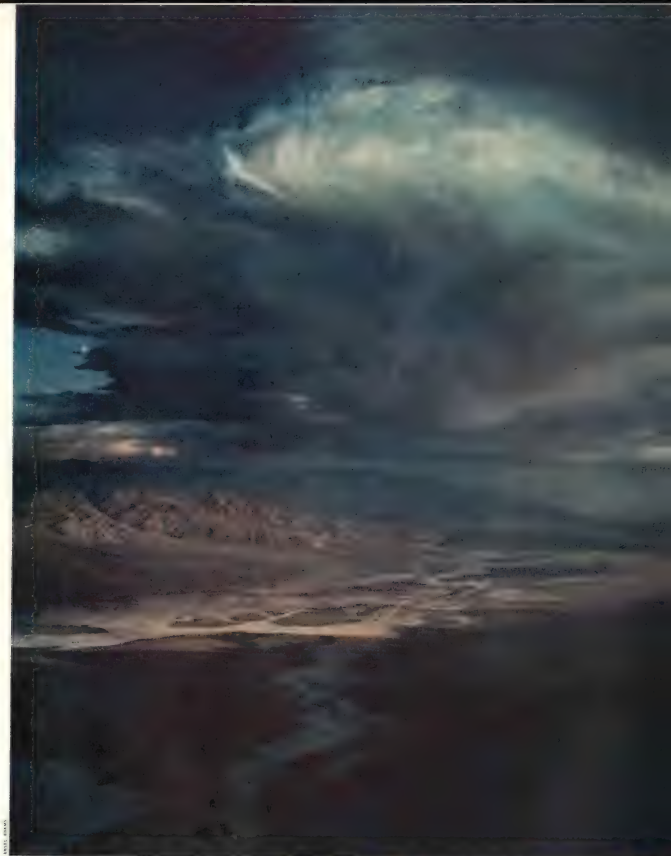
More for the Desert. The nation took its first step toward creation of a national park system in 1872. In that year Congress designated a vast area in what are now the states of Idaho, Montana and Wyoming as a public "pleasuring ground." Thus was created Yellowstone, still the largest (3,450 square miles), as well as the oldest of the national parks, and visited in the last 84 years by an army of 10 million. But the wonders of Yellowstone have yielded first place in popularity to Hoover Dam's Lake Mead in the desert country at the Arizona-Nevada border. Close behind Lake Mead's 2,675,000-a-year traffic come the Great Smokies, with 2,580,000 a year. The newest of the parks, Florida's swampy Everglades, 1,258,000 acres set aside by Congress in 1947, draws about 250,000 annually.

Operation of the great park domain, scattered from the West Indies to Alaska and from Maine to Hawaii, is a housekeeping chore of prodigious proportions. The understaffed, overworked Park Service must serve 50 to 60 million tourists a year with facilities set up to handle no more than half that number.

The Park Service is tackling its immense task on a current budget of \$68 million, or less than \$1.25 for each of its self-invited guests. Conservationists argue that the figure is ridiculously low, and some have angrily contended that if sufficient funds are not appropriated, the parks should be closed. The service itself is hopefully trying to boom its fortunes with a campaign called "Mission 66." Its objective: an "adequately developed and staffed" National Park system by 1966, golden anniversary year of the founding of the Park Service.

Yen for the Superlative. Despite the fact that visitors are counted by the millions, a national park is a peculiarly personal and individual thing for most of the millions. For some, the magnificent scenery is the attraction. For others, the biggest thrill is a look at such preserved forms of wildlife as the bison, trumpeter swan and desert bighorn. For others, the parks have satisfied the American yen for the superlative: within their boundaries are the continent's highest mountain (Mt. McKinley in Alaska, 20,270 ft.), wettest area (the west slope of Washington's Olympic Mountains, with 12 ft. of rain a year), hottest, driest, lowest spots (134° in the shade, less than 2 in. of rain a year, 280 ft. below sea level, all in California's Death Valley), oldest living thing (California's Big Trees, 3,500 years or older), and deepest fresh water (Crater Lake in Oregon, 1,983 ft.).

But, whether they come to scale the heights or plumb the depths, to ski, boat, snooze or send postcards, most visitors to the parks leave with a feeling for a new dimension about their country. It is the time dimension, derived from a glimpse of history in its broadest sweep. Here is the land that inspired the forty-niners and the mountain men, that intrigued the conquistadors and the Roanoke colonists, that baffled the Civil War generals. Here, indeed, are the days, thousands of centuries before the white man came, before Christ, before life itself, when the earth heaved and twisted and buckled and thrust its mountains skyward and shaped its valleys beneath them.



DEATH VALLEY

Named by forty-niners who were trapped in its redoubtable ring of mountains, the gas-saturated California basin, reinvigorated by water wells and air conditioning, provides an awesome

display of constantly changing desert colors. Here a rain-storm darkens the Panamint Range and the salt-streaked valley floor, lowest point -282 ft. below sea level, on the continent.

GRAND TETONS

Early-morning clouds float past the spectacular, snow-covered Wyoming range, while the reflection in Jenny Lake doubles the beauty of a magnificent scene. The jagged, 13,766-ft. Grand Teton peak (left) is a favorite with U.S. mountain climbers.



ESTHER HENDERSON; RAPID-HILL/GETTY

CRATER LAKE

Encircled by cliffs 500 to 2,000 ft. high, and filling the crater of an extinct volcano in Oregon's Cascade Mountains, the 30-sq.-mi. lake is unsurpassed for the brilliant blueness of its water. Island in foreground is the Phantom Ship.

CAPE HATTERAS

New U.S. National Seashore Recreational Area, on North Carolina's Outer Banks, includes stormy Hatteras Point (right). Treacherous shoal, scene of many wrecks, is formed by Gulf Stream and Labrador Current, which converge from opposite directions.

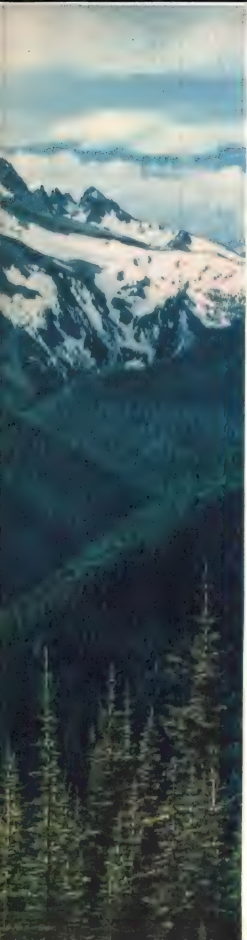




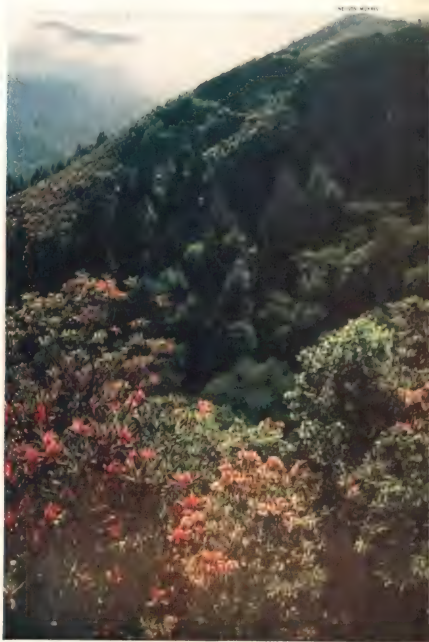
VICTOR JORDAN







WILLIAM H. HARRIS



NEILSON MCKINLEY

GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS

Most popular U.S. park (5,581,477 visitors in 1973) provides 500 miles of trails for hiking and horseback riding through virgin forests and unspoiled

mountain country on the Tennessee-North Carolina border. Here dwarf rhododendrons and stands of red-spruce cover slopes near Alum Cave Bluffs.

OLYMPIC PARK

Monumental, glacier-carved Gray Wolf Ridge (6,671) and the Needles (6,625), more than 7,000 ft. high, soar above primval forests of fir in a 200,000-acre wilderness preserve on Washington's Olympic Peninsula. Area contains last big herd of Roosevelt elk.



BIG BEND

The Rio Grande, forming international border between Mexico (*left*) and U.S., is hemmed by 1,400-ft.-high, sheer rock walls of Santa Elena Canyon, 14 miles long, one of three deep

gorges carved by the river in Big Bend region of southwest Texas. One of newest U.S. parks (established in 1944), area's 1,107 sq.mi. include wild desert, canyons and mountains.

FOREIGN NEWS

DIPLOMACY

The Morality of Give & Take

In the old days of ruffled-shirt diplomacy, when Talleyrand and Prince Metternich were in 19th century flower, a diplomat needed a backstairs source in the palace, a talent for intrigue and a good cook. Big powers acted in concert, and the small powers were expected to know their place. The financial side of diplomacy was a relatively simple matter of buying allies or buying off potential enemies. In mid-20th century diplomacy, financial dealings must be disguised under such inoffensive names as mutual assistance, economic cooperation or foreign aid, and economic aid has increasingly been regarded as a debt that rich nations owe poor ones. Prince Metternich never had to wrestle with some of the difficulties that preoccupied diplomats and governments all over the world last week. Items:

In giving aid to a new nation, one must not offend its old master.

In a threadbare, third-floor suite of rooms on a Paris back street, Tunisian Premier Habib Bourguiba told U.S. Ambassador to France C. Douglas Dillon that 400,000 unemployed Tunisians face starvation after two years of poor harvest. Tunisia, said Bourguiba, needs wheat fast. Dillon is keenly aware that France often resents U.S. aid and similar "interference" in North Africa. Had Bourguiba discussed his problem with the French government? Oh yes, said Bourguiba, it was the French Finance Minister, Paul Ramadier, who suggested that Tunisia should put the bite on the U.S.

A change of tune can change a deal.

Last March West Germany agreed to give Yugoslavia \$74 million in World War II reparations and long-term loans. But now that Tito had gone to Moscow and talked about Germany's "two sovereign states," Bonn feared he was about to recognize the puppet East German regime. Despite private assurances that Tito would not do so, the Adenauer government last week pointedly allowed West Germany's Bundestag to adjourn for the summer without ratifying the Yugoslav treaty. "Blackmail," cried Yugoslavia's *Politika*, but West Germany is prepared to wait until Tito's assurances sound as loud and clear as his original remarks in Moscow's Dynamo Stadium.

Sometimes a nation will say "thank you" if it does not have to add "much obliged."

For three years the Socialist government of neutral Burma has refused to take U.S. aid. It was willing to try barter deals with Iron Curtain nations, only to find that Burma invariably wound up on the losing end. Last week, disillusioned with barter and angered by Russian and Chinese support of Burmese Communists,



TUNISIA'S BOURGUIBA

Threadbare rooms and a tactful bite.

Burma's new Premier U Ba Swe announced that he hoped to get a long-term low-interest loan of \$20 million to \$30 million from the U.S. as a business deal "without strings," thus compromising neither Burma's neutrality nor her self-respect as a sovereign nation. The U.S. will supply technicians in exchange for Burma's rice.

Sometimes a nation is willing to be saved if the price is right.

In Karachi last week U.S. Vice President Nixon bluntly warned that any coun-



AUSTRIA'S METTERNICH

Ruffled shirts and a good cook.

try that takes Soviet economic aid on the supposition that it is without strings is likely to wind up with "a rope tied around its neck." But he went on to declare that U.S. aid to such countries might help them maintain their independence of Russia. A Pakistani official translated it this way to New York Times Correspondent Abe Rosenthal: "Mr. Nixon says Soviet aid will make you a satellite. Then he says we will keep on giving you money if you take aid from the Russians so as to help you avoid becoming a satellite. What would any sensible man answer? He would say to the Russians, 'Please give me \$100 million.' Then he would say to you Americans, 'Yes, I will gladly accept another \$100 million from you to help me guard against the dangers of the Russians' \$100 million.'"

In accepting Russian hospitality, it is wise to know when to quit.

Soviet Foreign Minister Dmitry Shepilov reportedly has offered an easy-credit loan to help Egypt build its High Dam on the Nile at Aswan. Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser is happy to have a counteroffer to set against the \$270 million primary financing proposed by the U.S., Britain and the World Bank. (The Western offer awaits some ironing out of details, and is also stalled by U.S. reconsideration of where Nasser stands since his arms deal with Communist Czechoslovakia.) To get the Russian loan, Nasser would have to mortgage Egypt's all-important cotton crops for 20 years. Nasser asked advice of his friend, Yugoslavia's Marshal Tito, an old hand at playing roulette with Russia. Tito warned him to beware of the Russian habit of turning trade on and off for political purposes. The Yugoslavs, said Expert Tito, have developed a rule of thumb: not more than 25% of a nation's foreign trade can safely be given to Russia.

GREAT BRITAIN

"Most Intractable Question"

In the 33rd week of the Cyprus emergency, Prime Minister Eden got up in the House of Commons and announced the failure of "another approach to this most intractable question on the international level." The British government had finally agreed to the principle of self-determination for the Cypriots. Eden explained, but its valued ally Turkey would not stand for it. Therefore "Her Majesty's Government have to accept that for the moment progress by this means cannot be realized."

At this point, having brought things to a dead stop, Eden sought to regain the appearance of momentum. He announced that Lord Radcliffe, the eminent constitutional lawyer who arbitrated the tangled boundaries between new India and new Pakistan in 1947 would be sent to Cyprus to work on "the framework of a new liberal constitution." Then Eden set about

fencing in Radcliffe's area of maneuver. Radcliffe may confer and chat with British officials on Cyprus and "any others who may wish to speak to him," said Eden, in fact with anyone except the man who mattered most, the exiled Greek Cypriot leader Archbishop Makarios. "If the Archbishop were to take action to denounce the terrorism," Eden conceded, "a new situation would be created." And in any event, no new Radcliffe constitution could go into effect until "terrorism" had been crushed.*

Eden's statement pleased his diehard Tory backbenchers, but no one else. Opposition Leader Hugh Gaitskell raised such sharp questions that an ex-guardsman major on the Tory side got up, pale and indignant, to say that Gaitskell's remarks amounted "to one of the most highly treasonable statements ever made by a member of the Opposition." Amidst outraged howls, the major was forced to withdraw. Writing in the *Spectator*, waspish Randolph Churchill protested that Britain now had a Turkish Foreign Secretary, and added, "This is what passes for statesmanship in the Eden era."

For all its retreat under Turkish pressure, the Eden government had made a concession of a sort in sending Lord Radcliffe to Cyprus, having hitherto refused to take any step at all while terrorism continued. Governor Sir John Harding, hoping to save face, said that Radcliffe was coming "now that the terrorists are beginning to crack." In Nicosia, "with deep resentment," the Greek Cypriot community declined to treat with Radcliffe while Archbishop Makarios was still in exile.

Green for Envy

Throughout the political battles of half a century, the rallying cry of Britain's Labor Party has been the Marxist ideal of "social ownership of the means of production." Last week in *Towards Equality*, a slim, 31-page pamphlet prepared under the personal supervision of Party Leader Hugh Gaitskell, Labor sharply and radically changed its tune.

Towards Equality is the culmination of a long-standing and profound philosophic crisis in the Labor Party. For five years the Socialist Union, a group of right-wing Labor intellectuals sometimes jeeringly called "Gaitskell's household troops," have been trying to work out a "modern" interpretation of Socialist dogma to cope with the fact that Socialist theory is out of date and Karl Marx a political handicap. In a recent book called *Twentieth Century Socialism*, the "household troops" made some startling admissions. Nationalization of industry, the magic tool that was to transform society, had, they conceded, lost its magic: "There is no longer the confidence that a change in ownership is enough to insure that an industry is run

on Socialist lines." Workers in nationalized mines find no greater joy or increased incentive in the knowledge that the mines are theoretically "theirs." Even the fundamental doctrine that Socialism is more efficient than capitalism and hence productive of higher living standards was abandoned. "If increased production is to be the criterion," asked *Twentieth Century Socialism*, "can we really prove that Socialist policies will be more effective than the capitalist policies which set the pace in the U.S. today?" The Gaitskellites were prepared to accept the theory of a mixed economy with public and private ownership.

Down with the Barriers. If Socialism does not mean public ownership of industry and a more efficient economic system, what does it mean? To find the answer



Vicky—New Statesman & Nation
CARTOONIST'S GAITSKELL

Forward the household troops!

Gaitskell & Co. turned not to Karl Marx but to the 19th century British Socialist and aesthete William Morris, whose political beliefs rested on the statement that "Fellowship is life; lack of fellowship is death."

Rising production and material betterment are not the primary goals of Socialism, argue the new theorists. "Socialism," they assert, echoing a saying dear to Hugh Gaitskell, "is about equality" and equality is a state "in which people, no longer divided by barriers of privilege, can be conscious of their common humanity." Apparently content with this vague definition of Socialism's goal, the theorists never bother to define equality at all but concentrate instead on denouncing what they consider the two chief causes of inequality in Britain—unequal educational advantages and unequal distribution of wealth. *Towards Equality* makes a routine blast at Britain's exclusive public schools (which produced some of Labor's top boys, including Gaitskell of Winchester) for developing "a separate class outlook and behavior." It further complains that there is not even

"parity of esteem" between the various kinds of state-supported secondary schools. And in one final outburst of frenetic egalitarianism, it notes unhappily that, even if all British children attended identical schools, "the competitive advantage would be strongly with those whose family background was materially and culturally enriched."

The Stubborn Rich. What Labor proposed to do about unequal cultural enrichment, *Towards Equality* did not say. It left little doubt, however, about how it proposed to tackle "unjust" inequalities in wealth and income. In loving detail the pamphlet discussed the relative merits of a tax on expenditure rather than on income—Gaitskell has long been distressed by "the refusal of well-to-do taxpayers to react to high taxation [of income] by cutting down their standard of living"—and of collecting inheritance taxes in property rather than in cash, a device which would have the advantage of depriving the heirs of any eventual appreciation in property values.

"*Towards Equality*," snapped the *London Economist* last week, "was published under a cover coloured green, some would say, for envy."

Envy can be a powerful political force, but it is a risky one. It can sharpen a sense of personal failure without providing a remedy. Socialist theorists admit that real equality between men is unattainable; their goal is to end those institutions and circumstances that artificially support inequality. In Britain's rich agglomeration of class barriers (some actual and some psychological), there is a payload to exploit. But the new policy might kick back in Labor's face by alienating middle-class and upper working class votes, where wage differentials are much prized.

The non-Socialist press was in no doubt where it stood in the matter. Said *London's Tory Daily Telegraph*: "The uncommitted voter will quickly see that what the pamphlet means by equality is a process of leveling down, of keeping everyone as far as possible to the lowest common denominator, in all those things in which people naturally desire to be unequal—housing, education or property."

Breathing Space

"Contents," intoned the Lord Chancellor, his full-bottomed wig flapping spaniel-ear like behind his plump, ashen cheeks, "will vote in the lobby to the right of the throne; not-contents to the left of the bar." As the slow mass-movement of Britain's lords temporal and spiritual to one or the other side of their august chamber was completed, the not-contents outnumbered their opponents by 238 to 95. By thus refusing to approve a House of Commons bill to abolish capital punishment (TIME, Feb. 27), the House of Lords last week flung the first direct challenge in the face of Britain's elected representatives since 1949—when the bill in question was one designed to shear the lords themselves of a large portion of their legislative power.

* In the crushing process, Colonial Secretary Alan Lennox-Boyd noted last week, 103 Cypriot youths aged 14-18, and 13 boys under the age of 14, have been sentenced to whipping.



MEETING OF SUPREME SOVIET OF THE U.S.S.R.²
People's democracy to the fullest—unanimously, of course.

Lucia Lammon-Lott

Hope of Reform. Thanks to that former bill, which was eventually passed over the lords' objections, the vote last week was legally only a delaying action. The Commons bill abolishing hanging would have to be reintroduced in a later session and could then be passed into law, whether the lords liked it or not. What many of the lords hoped was that a re-examination of capital punishment in the Commons would lead to a drastic revision of Britain's criminal code, providing at least for degrees of murder in the American style, only the most heinous of which would call for the death penalty. Approaching the same hope from a different angle, the Church of England bishops, with only one exception, voted in favor of abolition, even though the Archbishop of Canterbury had said: "The death penalty is a witness to the sacredness of human life and social order."

The ornate galleries of the Lords Chamber, usually deserted while bores speak to empty seats, were tight-packed with peeresses, dazzling in their fashionable plumage, "Backwoodsmen," who had not taken their seats for an age, limped and hobbled up from the counties to plug in hearing aids and listen to the arguments. Around the steps of the throne, there was a tight gaggle of elder sons who share with members of the Privy Council the right to squat there during sessions.

Will of the People. At the end of the debate, Lord Salisbury, the Tory leader, unwound his lean length to sum up for the government. Emphasizing the point that hanging is a matter of individual conscience, Salisbury, like Canterbury, declared himself against abolition, but also against the status quo. He was not worried that in defying the House of Commons, the lords might be fashioning a legislative noise around their own necks should another Labor government come to power. Salisbury has given much thought to the limits that the lords must set on themselves. When Labor came to power in 1945, determined to create the welfare

state. "I came to the conclusion that . . . we must act on the assumption that anything that had been included in the program of a party which had been successful at the previous general election had been approved by the electorate." The lords, in that case, must try to improve, but should not reject bills they disliked.

Where issues had not been tested in an election, Salisbury went on, the lords should try "not to oppose the will of the people, the electorate, or even to interpret the will of the people, but very definitely, where we could, to give a breathing space to enable public opinion to crystallize on issues on which they had not been consulted and on which their views were not known." Since capital punishment had not been included on any party's platform, the public's views were not plainly known and a breathing space was in order. On this narrowed definition of its usefulness, the House of Lords reared its aged, stooped head and decried the House of Commons.

RUSSIA

Un-Soviet Activities

The Soviet Parliament or the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. goes into session in Moscow tomorrow. The Deputies and the Soviet people at large note that the present session will reflect the changed atmosphere in the country wherein the harmful results of un-Soviet personality cult that cropped up in the last years of Stalin's life are being successfully eradicated. The Communist Party and the Soviet government have already done a great deal to develop genuine people's democracy in this country to the fullest.

—2 p.m. Background to the News.
Radio Moscow

Democracy was the keynote as the 1,300 members of the Supreme Soviet walked into the white hall of the Great Kremlin Palace to hear Premier Nikolai Bulganin deliver what was in effect a State of the Soviet Union message. They sat

in their polished wood pews, dably dressed Balts and colorful Asians in skullcaps and shawls, gawking at the 8-ft. statue of Lenin and reading *Pravda*, hushing attentively while Bulganin pointed with pride to the nation's industrial output—up 12% over the first half of 1955—and viewed with alarm the disappointing performance of the coal and oil industries. He promised to reduce the number of women employed as heavy laborers, and eventually to abolish heavy work for women altogether. The delegates hushed the quietest and then applauded the loudest, however, when Bulganin proposed a democracy-style election-year special—big boosts in Soviet pensions for men over 60 and women over 55, with bonuses for widows, underground miners and ex-servicemen "to raise political and morale standards among the personnel of our armed forces."

Breaking off into an Upper House and Lower House, the Deputies (all of them nominated by the Communist Party and elected unopposed) then began to debate the Bulganin pension plan. A comrade from hot Turkmenistan argued that people in hot climates ought to retire earlier and get pensions sooner (laughter), but a comrade from the chilly Ural Mountains countered that the hardy cold-weather Russians deserved even better from the republic. Several delegates observed that they did not like Bulganin's plan for 15% lower pensions for country dwellers (on the theory that countryfolk had little gardens and presumably would not go hungry). All in all 33 delegates were schooled to speak.

But after 23 had their say, Bulganin got up to cry a halt. Most of the ideas from the floor were "fine proposals," said Bulganin, and "the time will come when we will have everything," but for now most of them were "unrealistic." That ended

* On dias, from left: Kaganovich, Perukhin, Zhukov (an alternate member of the Presidium), Bulganin, Kirichenko, Khrushchev, Malenkov, Voroshilov, Molotov. Seated below: party functionaries.

their little essay into debating. According to Radio Moscow, "the Deputies warmly cheered Premier Bulganin," and then passed his pension law unanimously. Next day the Supreme Soviet made up for lost time, rubber-stamped 15 new laws in 35 minutes. Unanimously, of course.

Unmagic Carpet

The richest, reddest carpet in Russia was none too good for the feet of the visiting Shah of Iran and his beauteous Queen Saroya when they arrived in Moscow last month. Unlike other foreign dignitaries who must be content with billets in the city's hotels or embassies, Iran's rulers, the first sovereigns to visit the Russian capital since 1928 (when the Shah of Afghanistan dropped by) were put up in an apartment within the walls of the Kremlin itself. New bathrooms were installed, to make the place fit for a king. The purpose of all this red-carpeting: to cozen Iran away from its allies in the Baghdad Pact.

Last week the first visiting chief of state to be housed within the Kremlin became as well the first to leave Moscow without putting his name to a single agreement of any kind. "If the Iranian government has undertaken measures for its defense," he said, "they have been dictated by the needs of state on the basis of past experience." At the last minute the Shah even refused to put his name on an innocuous, Russian-prepared joint statement of good will on the ground that it would be improper, since he is only "chief of state and not of the Iranian government."

The ceremony at Moscow's airport as the Shah and his Queen left Russia was marked by unseasonable coolness.

H-Hostage

In 1934, Russian-born Peter Kapitza, after a distinguished career as one of Britain's top physicists, went to Moscow for a scientific conference. He never came back. In the months that followed, while Kapitza himself lived in silence, the Western world's topmost scientists clamored furiously for his release. The Russians ended by paying hard cash to Cambridge University for the special laboratory Cambridge had built for the scientist to work in, but as to releasing Kapitza, they would hear none of it.

From then on, as scientific experiment became more and more a closely guarded secret the world over, nobody heard much of anything about Peter Kapitza. But in the years following World War II, when the menace of the hydrogen bomb loomed large and black, the thoughts of many a scientist who had known Kapitza harked back to the days of his early and significant experiments on the behavior of hydrogen. It was presumed that if Russia had indeed perfected an H-bomb, Kapitza's vast knowledge must have been of considerable help. The Russian government granted him a long list of honors.

Last week brought further news of the kidnapped scientist. A party of Western



PHYSICIST KAPITZA
Riding in limousines again.

scientists, recently returned from a scientific conference in Moscow, reported that Kapitza, far from helping the Soviet H-bomb project, had run afoul of Dictator Stalin for refusing on moral grounds to devote himself to the development of thermonuclear weapons. For the last seven years of the Stalin regime, he had, in fact, been kept under house arrest. One of the first acts of the post-Stalin government had been to release the hostage scientist, give him a couple of chauffeur-driven cars and restore him to his former post as Director of the Soviet Institute for Physical Problems, so that he can dabble with his favorite problem: the behavior of matter at extremely low temperatures.

HUNGARY

Free-for-All to Freedom

At least six of the 15 passengers boarding the Hungarian airliner at Budapest one day last week carried with them equipment not generally considered essential to air travel. But for the six concerned, the cheap iron wrench that each kept concealed and near at hand was as good as a ticket to freedom. As the plane took off on its regular run to the border town of Szombathely, the six sat silent, warily scrutinizing their fellow passengers and keeping a watchful eye on one of their number, a former air-force lieutenant named Gyorgy Polyak, who carried not only a wrench but a revolver (which did not work). The silence was broken only by the nervous chattering of the wife of one of the young freedom seekers, who could not for the life of her understand why she was being dragged off on an expensive flight to such a dull spot as Szombathely.

Someone Aboard. At last the signal came. "Hey," said Lieut. Polyak loudly, "there's Gyor." Some of the passengers

turned in their seats to peer out of the windows. According to a prearranged plan, the six wrench carriers began to count silently and slowly to 300 in order to bring the airliner, according to Polyak's calculation, to the westernmost point in its course. At the end of the count, Polyak leaped from his seat and headed for the pilot's compartment. The others sprang into action against their fellow passengers, laying about them right and left with wrenches, floorboards, fists. In a moment the vintage twin-engined Douglas transport became the scene of one of the greatest airborne free-for-alls in flying history. "We knew someone aboard the ship was a Communist security agent," explained one of the wrench wielders later. "but we didn't know which one."

As Lieut. Polyak worked with his wrench to open the door of the pilot's compartment, the outer knob of which had been removed (an ordinary flying precaution in Communist countries), the pilot himself threw the ship into a series of violent maneuvers, sudden power dives, steep climbing turns and skidding yawing. Inside the cabin the embattled passengers rattled about like ice cubes in a cocktail shaker, while heavy crates of cargo, torn loose from their moorings, cascaded back and forth.

Glued to the Roof. At last Polyak got the pilot's door open only to face a flight mechanic brandishing a Vepri pistol, and the secret agent, who was furiously loading an automatic. With a comrade's help, Polyak rushed to the attack, while the pilot continued to whirl the plane through its crazy dancing. "Some of the worst of the fight took place while we were glued to the roof of the plane," said Polyak later. At last the lieutenant managed to wrest the gun from the Red agent and fire a shot into the air. Capitulating immediately, and terrified of official vengeance if he ever got back to Hungary, the agent begged Polyak to shoot him then and there. Polyak refused. Instead, dripping with gore and minus three front teeth, he went forward to the copilot's seat and, holding the agent's gun at the pilot's temple, took charge of the plane. Somewhere in the skirmish he had lost his map, but spotting an airfield and some jeeps in what he guessed to be West German territory, Polyak brought the plane down. The field was a still-unfinished NATO air base at Ingoistadt.

As one of the refugees thrust a bloody head out to ask where they were, West German police roared up to surround the plane. Communists and anti-Communists alike were gathered up in the gory shambles and carted off to a nearby hospital. As Hungary's Communist rulers set official radio channels buzzing with demands for the return of plane and passengers, two of the travelers who had known nothing of the plot to seize the airplane decided to join those who had planned it. Another, breathing the air of freedom, was restrained from asking for asylum only by the thought of what might happen to his family if he failed to return.

JAPAN

Swing to the Left

Japan's ruling Liberal-Democrats went into last week's elections seeking a two-thirds majority in Japan's Upper House, hoping to be able to revise Japan's "MacArthur Constitution" to make possible faster and more open rearmament. They came out of the election lucky to have held their own 122 seats (out of a total 250), had to watch their smaller ally, the Green Breeze Society, take a beating. The gainers were the recently united Socialist Party, which picked up twelve seats.

The Socialists played on the divisions and infirmities in the regime of eccentric Premier Ichiro Hatoyama. They also made hay with increasing Japanese sentiment against rearmament. To have a bigger force than today's token army, argued Socialist Secretary Inejiro Asanuma, would require U.S. aid and "U.S. control of Japanese affairs," and would "attract the hostility of Japan's neighbors." The U.S. did not help at all by letting it be known that it was greatly increasing its military aid to Japan, possibly by as much as 13 times, or by releasing a report on its land-requisitioning for military bases on Okinawa.

Japanese nationalists have been making much noise about Japanese landowners on Okinawa being dispossessed by U.S. forces. Under the San Francisco Peace Treaty, the U.S. got control of Okinawa and the Bonin Islands (Iwo Jima) for as long as it feels a military need to be there. As the election neared, the government tried to hop on the bandwagon by criticizing U.S. occupation policies too, but it was too late.

Japan's swing to the left is apt to mean more trouble for the U.S. With more than a third of the House in their hands, the Socialists can block any rearmament move, make trouble for U.S. occupation forces. Already, in the flush of victory, they banged the drums of anti-U.S. feeling. Some Japanese papers have been playing up Okinawa horror tales of G.I.s raping little girls and beating up farmers who resist land requisition, and of the U.S. taking farmers' little plots to build golf courses and expensive lawns for American occupiers. Socialists even suggest that if the U.S. would only return Okinawa, Russia might be induced to hand back the Kuriles.

RED CHINA

Father to the Man

Only 90 coastal miles separate Canton and Hong Kong, but they are two whole worlds apart. In the last days of free Canton, before the Communists took over, Hsiao Tao-huang and her husband said goodbye to her sister Hsiao Ming, who was pregnant and was staying behind with her husband. At first the two families wrote occasionally, but then it became wiser not to. Recently in Canton, Hsiao Ming took advantage of relaxed Communist exit rules, went south to Hong Kong

for a visit. She had to leave one member of the family behind, her husband. But she brought along her child Li Po, who just had finished his first term in the state-run kindergarten. He wore a dark blue Lenin uniform and, for a boy of five, a preternaturally grave expression.

Little Li Po gawked at the food on the Huang's table, then pitched in with his chopsticks ahead of everyone else. The Huangs were startled, but his mother remarked defensively that food was scarce in Canton because Red China "is saving to build for the future." "I and young men like me," announced little Li Po at this point, "will be masters of the future." A pall of silence fell over the meal.

Suddenly Li Po slammed his tiny hand onto the table, and bowls and chopsticks

do not eat goods of the enemy," he said, and turned his head away.

In the days that followed, Li Po was as inquisitive as any youngster, but with a difference. Why was there no portrait of Mao Tse-tung on the wall? How were Auntie and Uncle Huang serving the people? Why were the poisonous movies of the Americans shown in Hong Kong?

Anxious to answer these questions in their own way, the Huangs asked Hsiao Ming to leave Li Po in Hong Kong for schooling. "They would not mind if I stayed in Hong Kong," answered Hsiao Ming, "but if the boy did not return to the nursery, it would cause my husband great trouble." Then she added: "You find the ways of my son strange, and even suggest—though I know you meant no



COMMUNIST CHILDREN'S POSTER: "DRIVING THE AMERICANS INTO THE SEA"
On the home front, 2,832,000 dead sparrows and 869,525 rats.

jumped into the air. Proudly he exhibited a black blotch on his palm. "Ha," he cried, grinning for the first time. "I have exterminated another fly." Embarrassed, his mother mentioned the Reds' campaign to destroy the four pests. Li Po broke in: "I have already trapped and killed 20 rats and sparrows and exterminated 300 mosquitoes and flies." Hsiao Ming ordered her son to go off and wash his hands. Li Po had expected praise. Wounded, he replied, "Stop ordering me about like an American running dog."

Next morning the Huangs were awakened an hour earlier than usual by the loud singing of their little guest. "The Communist Party is like the sun," sang Li Po. "From every direction comes the call, 'Rise, rise, face the enemies' bullets.'"

That night Li Po angrily snapped out the lamp as Mr. Huang read his newspaper. "There is a light in the other room," he informed his host briskly. "You are wasting electricity, the people's money and the people's sweat and labor." Hoping to befriend his nephew, Mr. Huang offered him candy. Li Po shot out his hand eagerly, withdrew it when he saw the English lettering on the wrappers. "I

offense—that he has not been receiving the right kind of teaching. I cannot tell any longer what is right or wrong. I only know that if you were in China today you would not think badly of my son, because all the children there are just like him."

The Chinese Communists like to show with statistics how well the younger generation is being brought up in the New China. They boast that some 5,000 state-run nurseries and more than 1,900 nursing rooms, caring for 192,000 children, have now been set up in industrial and mining enterprises "to avoid the phenomenon of mothers' being unable to join production because of their children." Result: nine out of ten women in Red China are now "suitably employed."

The favorite recreation of Communist China's children, and so useful too, is the game of hunting and killing the "four injurious pests." Kiangsi Radio reports that the children of Hsuangsi village called the pests "little Chiang Kai-sheks, thus creating considerable enthusiasm for eliminating them." In one recent two-week stretch alone, 710,000 children destroyed 2,832,000 sparrows, 869,525 rats.

INDONESIA

Smuggler's Army

Incensed by the discovery that it was losing millions of tax dollars in illegally exported rubber, the Indonesian government early this year assigned its best investigators to track down the culprits. The trail soon took an embarrassing turn. The chief smuggler—and the proprietor of a neat little fleet that regularly plied the straits between Sumatra and Malaya—turned out to be the Indonesian army. What was worse, the army 1) freely admitted it, 2) boldly declined to stop it. "We smuggle rubber," said a ranking officer. "So what? We have to live." Indonesia's army is well trained, high-spirited and bigger than the nation can comfortably afford. Since 1952 the army has had to fend for itself, living haphazardly on inadequate special appropriations because no government has lasted long enough in office to get a budget through Parliament. Army forces in north Sumatra found smuggling a practical solution to the budget gap. Rubber smuggling is big business: last year Malaya officially bought five times as much rubber from Indonesia as Indonesia officially exported. It was also profitable: the army acknowledged having earned \$5,000,000.

Last week an army spokesman flew into Djakarta to woo popular support for the army's new sideline. "The army smuggles continuously and purposely," he said, and challenged the Attorney General to prove any graft. "Our books show that it has not been done for personal gain but to finance the building of barracks and other expenditures for troops."

While the government fumed, the Sumatran army headquarters continued last week to dispatch nightly caravans of heavily guarded trucks to small northern ports where 16 small-tonnage ships waited to smuggle the rubber across the narrow Malacca Strait. The government was helpless: the army alone has the authority to stop smuggling.

SOUTH VIET NAM

A Life of Violence

In the turbulence that has beset Indochina in the past decade, none lived a more dangerous and colorful life than young Le Quang Vinh. He led a 20,000-man army all his own, recruited from the Hoa Hao, a sect which successfully combined religion and pillage. To dramatize his hatred of the French, he chopped off the end of a finger and called himself Ba Cut. In protest against the Geneva conference that split Viet Nam, he refused to cut his hair. Refusing also to recognize the sovereignty of the new nation of South Viet Nam, he terrorized the back country, declared he would lop off the head of Premier Ngo Dinh Diem. But last April Diem's army captured the rebel general, and the problem of whose head would roll was posed another way.

Ba Cut underwent three trials for murder; each time he was condemned to

death. When Diem refused to pardon him, Ba Cut asked to be shot like a soldier. One night last week 32-year-old Ba Cut wrote a farewell letter, asking his parents to care for the innumerable children of his nine wives. Then, before dawn, he was driven in an army truck to Cantho cemetery. Dressed in black, his waist-length hair now cut short, Ba Cut was led to the place of execution. Only then did he discover that his plea for a firing squad had been rejected; before him loomed the shining blade of a French guillotine.



GENERAL BA CUT ON TRIAL.
The unkindest cut of all.

Ba Cut walked resolutely forward, placed his body on the execution platform. As dawn came to Cantho cemetery, the blade swished down and General Ba Cut's head rolled into one basket, his body into another.

FRANCE

Short Step Forward

Schoolmasterish Socialist Guy Mollet has lasted for six months as Premier of France because no one else wants the job of antagonizing the left by fighting the war in Algeria, and antagonizing left, right and center by demanding higher taxes to finance it. Last week Guy Mollet found a way to make some mileage out of his predicament.

A good European, Mollet decided to move France a short step forward toward United Europe. Before the National Assembly was a plan to authorize him to negotiate with five other Western European nations (Italy, the Benelux countries and West Germany) to create a supranational atomic-energy pool to be known as EURATOM.

There were good technical arguments for joining EURATOM: 1) France will run out of coal reserves in about 30 years, 2) France has neither the technical nor

financial resources to run an atomic-energy program of its own. To this Mollet added another argument: "Confronted by the atomic colossi of Russia and the U.S., no isolated European country can make its voice heard. It is necessary to weave between the countries of Western Europe the bonds that will prevent Germany from turning to the East." Because nobody wanted to kick out Guy Mollet and inherit the mess in Algeria, Mollet won by 332-181.

The Violence of Fear

"I can understand everything up to the time of Marx's *Communist Manifesto*," confessed a prominent French Communist to his comrades, "but anything after that—well, I just don't know any more."

Such was the confusion that pervaded France's Communist Party, long the most Stalinist outside the Iron Curtain, on the eve of its first congress since Khrushchev pulled the plug on Stalin last February. The workers, taught to regard pale ex-Miner Maurice Thorez as a French Stalin, were in ferment; the intellectuals, a small but important faction because of their contacts with influential fellow travelers, were distraught and openly disobeyed party rulings. The party cell at Paris' Lycée Voltaire, for example, continued to welcome former *L'Humanité* Editor Pierre Hervé, though he had been kicked out of the party for criticizing its subservience to Russia. Would the party be forced to bend with the prevailing wind?

Last week, as a three-man French Communist delegation returned from a visit to the Kremlin, the new line was laid down for this week's congress in Le Havre: the French Communist Party was going to go right on being tough. "A few isolated voices in our own ranks," thundered Maurice Thorez, "have echoed enemy noises. Some have taken opportunist positions, become liquidators, and even repeated the worst lies of our adversaries." Stalin should not be castigated too severely, explained *L'Humanité* Boss Etienne Fajon, one of the Moscow pilgrims, for he had only "used unworthy methods for a just and victorious struggle."

A few days later stocky Auguste Lecœur, once considered a logical successor to Thorez, but drummed out of the party in 1954 for criticizing party strategy, was scheduled to speak in the northern French town of Hénin-Liétard, where he had once been a Communist Deputy. Lecœur is busy these days trying to promote an independent leftist movement. The Communist Party issued orders: "All workers will prevent Lecœur from performing his nefarious piece of work." When the doors of the hall opened, a crowd of 1,000 Communist bullboys, who had descended on Hénin-Liétard, rushed to the stage and, to the accompaniment of Communist harpies crying "Kill him! Hang him!", beat Lecœur to a bloody pulp. Editorialized *L'Humanité*: "The renegade Lecœur got the reception he deserved." Editorialized Paris' conservative *Figaro*: "Such fury can have only one explanation: fear."

THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

Friendly Get-Together

From the luxurious Hotel El Panamá to Host President Ricardo Arias' 23-room waterfront palace, the stage was set for this week's meeting of American Presidents in Panama City.

Firm acceptances were in from Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Nicaragua, Paraguay, Uruguay, Venezuela and most important, the U.S. Bolivia, El Salvador and Peru planned to send their presidents-elect. Indications were that at week's end, when the guests get together for the first formal meeting of the two-day conference, at least 17 chief executives and presidents-elect* would be on hand to lend glitter to the largest collection of heads of state ever to baffle a protocol officer in charge of dinner seating.

It went without saying that the No. 1 guest would be Eisenhower of the U.S. When he was stricken with ileitis, the meeting, originally scheduled for June 25-26 to celebrate the 130th anniversary of Simón Bolívar's first Pan-American conference, was postponed (TIME, July 2). With Ike present, the gathering promised to be harmonious; perhaps the knottiest problem to be threshed out will be the wording of a declaration of Western political ideals. And such traditional enemies as Costa Rica's liberal President José Figueres and Nicaragua's perennial Strongman Anastasio Somoza will doubtless be on their best behavior.

On hand with Ike will be Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and Henry Holland, the Assistant Secretary for Inter-American Affairs. In the intervals between the banquets, meetings and wreath-layings, Ike and his aides should have plenty of time for relaxed private talks with the Latin Americans. Probable results: no momentous decisions or policy changes, but a healthy cementing of old friendships and a better understanding of common problems.

BRAZIL

Half-a-Billion Loan?

Burdened with debts and hobbled by a shortage of capital, Brazil urgently needs help from the U.S. Last week a mission headed by Engineer Lucas Lopes, who is President Juscelino Kubitschek's No. 1 economic-development braintruster, arrived in Washington from Rio to ask for massive loans from the U.S. Government's Export-Import Bank.

Within the next few months, the Brazilians hope to get from Ex-Im: 1) aid in refunding part of Brazil's \$1.2 billion foreign debt so as to ease the repayment

strain during the next five years; and 2) long-term loans, actual or promised, covering a large part of the dollar cost of Kubitschek & Co.'s five-year "Power, Transportation and Food" development program. Kubitschek himself plans to make a straightforward appeal to President Eisenhower at the Western Hemisphere Presidents' meeting in Panama. Another Brazilian of distinction who will work for the Ex-Im loan is Rio's new ambassador to Washington, Ernani do Amaral Peixoto, who arrived in New York



AMBASSADOR AMARAL PEIXOTO & FAMILY
Time to start working.

last week with his wife Alzira, daughter of the late President Getúlio Vargas. Amaral Peixoto took a leave of absence as chief of Brazil's top political party, the Social Democrats, to accept the post.

With Kubitschek, Amaral Peixoto and Lopes all working on an already well-disposed Eisenhower Administration, it is likely that the Brazilians will get much of what they ask for—something like half a billion.

ARGENTINA

Happier Days

During Juan Perón's heyday, Argentina's July 9 Independence Day parade in Buenos Aires was little more than a muscle-flexing display of military power marching to the monotonous tune of *The Peronista Boys*. Last year there was no parade at all; instead, a crowd of angry Roman Catholics marched through the streets shouting anti-Perón slogans and chanting hymns to show their disapproval of the government's feud with the church. Against so dark a background, last week's celebration stood out like a beam of sunlight.

Under bright, balmy skies the holiday-minded crowds gathered early along the broad Avenida San Martín. They packed

* From left: niece Edith, daughter Celina, wife Alzira.

the balconies of apartment houses, perched on tree branches and jammed the temporary bleachers. Then President Pedro Aramburu, wearing his blue-and-white sash of office, arrived from the National Cathedral, climbed the steps of the reviewing stand, saluted during the national anthem, and the parade began.

For 2½ hours the crowds applauded as 13,000 army, navy, and air force troops marched past, some singing their regimental songs, others marching to a wide variety of snappy military marches, including the new *Liberty March*, written during the anti-Perón campaign. Despite the fact that there were no fascinating new weapons on display, most of the crowd stayed to the very end. Said one approving spectator: "Those are free men parading—and they mean to stay that way." When President Aramburu stepped down from the stand and got into his car, a cheering crowd broke through police lines and surrounded him, enthusiastically slowing his progress for several blocks.

CANADA

Policy Decisions

Home from the Commonwealth conference in London, where they exchanged views with other Commonwealth leaders, Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent and External Affairs Chief Lester Pearson last week were prepared to announce some firm decisions about Canadian foreign policy.

Despite the pressure from India and other Asia neutrals, Canada will stick to its policy against granting diplomatic recognition to Communist China. "I recognize the force of the arguments about the importance to Asia of having its largest country fully participating in the councils of the world," St. Laurent told Parliament. "But there are other considerations . . . and I see no reason strong enough to justify changing our policy."

Canada will not sell jet planes to Israel to strengthen its air defense against Communist-armed Egypt. The Canadian government favored the sale at first, but discreetly declined to be the goat when Britain and the U.S. backed away from similar deals. Said St. Laurent: "We do not feel that . . . it should be a responsibility left to the government of Canada."

External Affairs Chief Lester Pearson, who was appointed two months ago, along with Norway's Halvard Lange and Italy's Gaetano Martino, to make a study of nonmilitary cooperation among members of the NATO alliance, will spend much of his time on that project in coming months. Pearson told a press conference that a long questionnaire had been sent to the 15 NATO capitals inviting suggestions on how the alliance could expand its economic, political and other non-military functions. The Pearson-Lange-Martino committee—"The Three Wise Men"—will collate the replies and prepare a report for the NATO countries. "for anything they wish to do with it."

* Attendance of the presidents of Mexico, Honduras and Ecuador was still uncertain; Colombia's President Gustavo Rojas Pinilla probably must stay home to handle a touchy internal situation.

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

The enterprising New York *Journal-American* tapped Italy's billowing Cinematress **Sophia** (*Too Bad She's Bad*) **Loren** to guest-write a column for its vacationing Gossipist Dorothy Kilgallen. In carefully fractured English, Sophia (or a wagghish ghost) ground out some profound pap. Of men and their sex drive: "[A man] is like a small boy in a restaurant. Can only eat a little bit, but wants the whole menu. He cries if somebody else eat a little too. But if nobody wishes *canard sauce bigarrade*, he don't wish either. Can be starving, still no *canard sauce bigarrade*." Sophia's advice to American girls: "Everything I've got I got from eating spaghetti. You try it."

Princess Margaret and R.A.F. Group Captain **Peter Townsend**, the suitor she rejected for tradition's sake, left London separately, but at the same time, for a country weekend. Margaret was a house guest of Viscount and Lady Hambleden, youthful (26 and 22, respectively) chaperons, if such be needed. Though Townsend's cronies were darkly evasive about his whereabouts, wilder speculation was that he and the Princess were having one last reunion before Townsend, for whom the course of true love proved impassable, departs on an around-the-world car tour (*TIME*, June 18) all by himself.

A plain woman devoid of jewelry or makeup, the U.S.S.R.'s top lady Communist, **Ekaterina Furtseva**, 46, an alternate member of the Soviet Party Presidium and wife of the Soviet Ambassador to Yugoslavia, arrived in London on her first trip to the West. Slated to be a fort-

night's guest of the British Inter-Parliamentary Union, Comrade Furtseva, accompanied by her daughter Svetlana, 14, overflowed with gratitude for her invitation, glowingly lauded the growing affinity between the U.S.S.R. and the country of "Newton, Shakespeare and Byron."

At a London confab with newshawks, Actress **Vivien** (*Gone With the Wind*) **Leigh**, 42, mother of a 22-year-old daughter and wife (for 16 years) of **Sir Laurence Olivier**, put down gossip that she will again be a mamma by labeling it the truth. Said she: "The baby is due on Dec. 23. If a girl, she'll be called Katherine. We haven't bothered thinking of a boy's name."

'Tween her appearances in the title role of *Gigi* at London's New Theater, sometime Cinematress **Leslie** (*Lili*) **Caron**,



ACTRESS CARON & FIANCE
Without a bop.

25, ex-wife of boppy Meat Heir George Hearn II, happily leaned her head against the play's unboppy director, Peter Hall, 25, announced she will marry him soon.

For the release of her first recording in eleven years (*Rockin' in the Rocket Room*), mellowing (43) Songstress **Frances Langford** hove up to a Manhattan pier on the 118-ft. *Chanticleer*, an air-conditioned pleasure dome captained by her husband, Outboard Motor King **Ralph Evinrude**. On hand to greet the yachtsmen was *Rockin's* most conspicuous author, smilin' Cartoonist **Zack Mosley**, who normally writes the overage dialogue of comic-strip hero *Smilin' Jack*. Why had he ventured into the teenagers rock 'n' roll rhythm? Drawled well-preserved Mosley: "I'm hepper than most bobby-soxers!"

In the heart of Sherwood Forest, sober-sided **Harold Macmillan**, Chancellor of the British Exchequer, took corona in mouth and bow in hand, tried to hit



CHANCELLOR MACMILLAN
With sporting intent.

a short-range bull's-eye with a suction-cupped arrow in an attempt to promote the sale of his brain child, a savings bond that pays no interest, but offers investors a chance to win £1,000—a financial stratagem known to Britons as "having a flutter on Harold." Nobody's archery was good enough to win the prize—one £1 bond. Southpaw Archer Macmillan, perhaps with sporting intent, missed the target by a gentlemanly margin.

On the polo field at Windsor Great Park, the Duke of Edinburgh, a victim of a slipped cinch, took a tumble from his mount as **Queen Elizabeth II**, **Prince Charles** and **Princess Anne** watched. Back in the saddle again, Philip resumed the game, but his accident was interpreted by some as divine retribution: many English churchgoers have recently openly looked askance at the Duke's sporting on the Sabbath.

Rambling through Europe after a meeting of the British Commonwealth's odd-bedfellow Prime Ministers, India's Premier **Nehru** spent three days visiting Ireland, where he got a revolutionary hero's welcome, plus an honorary doctor of laws degree from the University of Dublin and was feelingly cited for his sympathy and help in Eire's own "struggle for independence."

Cinematress **Marilyn Monroe** and her bemused bridegroom, Playwright **Arthur** (*Death of a Salesman*) **Miller**, winged into England on schedule. As British newsmen descended upon them, Miller perked up to a question about how he sees Marilyn. "Through two eyes," replied he forthrightly. "She's the most unique person I ever met." Marilyn revealed that she may no longer sleep solely in Chanel No. 5. Her newly slated bedtime garb: Yardley's English Lavender.



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MUSIC

Rescuer of Necktie Salesmen

Although U.S. foundations have poured out millions in support of the nation's composers, the big money has usually gone to the big names. For many a talented newcomer, a musical grubstake is still virtually impossible to find. In the audience at Tanglewood last week sat a man who has committed much of his time and most of his fortune to changing all that. He is 49-year-old Chicago Wine Importer Paul Fromm, and he was at Tanglewood to hear the works of two of his protégés, Ben Weber's *Serenade for Strings* and Alvin Epstein's *Sabrina Pair*, premiered by members of the Boston Symphony.

Forced to Flee. When he set up his Fromm Music Foundation four years ago, Paul Fromm was nourishing an ambition as old as his student days in Germany. The son of a prosperous wine grower, he early became an enthusiastic supporter of contemporary German music, was on the point of establishing a music foundation in his homeland when he was forced to flee the country during Hitler's pogroms of 1938. In the U.S. he prospered quickly, set up his own wine-importing firm and bought into several other businesses. By 1952 he was ready to turn his attention to U.S. music.

Fromm's plan was simple. Computing the profits from his various enterprises, he set aside enough to finance expansion and to support himself and his family in an unpretentious seven-room apartment ("We live well, but we are not country club"), gave all the rest (roughly \$50,000 a year) to the Fromm Foundation. To help him select worthy recipients of his charities, Founder Fromm hired a permanent four-man reviewing staff of pro-



PIANIST GOULD WITH QUARTET AT STRATFORD
A little off-key singing helps.

Columbia Records

fessional musicians* (supplemented by occasional guest experts), gave them complete autonomy to award grants to composers who might or might not be to his personal taste. Of the more than 600 young composers whose works the staff has reviewed, only 56 have received grants. "There is a lot of just good stuff; we are looking for art," explains Fromm. Although the initial awards are modest (\$350 to \$1,000), the foundation is prepared to "commit" itself to a composer for several years, i.e., to stay with him until he has achieved the reputation that will enable him to go on to bigger stipends from bigger foundations or stand alone. Beyond providing cash awards, the foundation arranges public performances of its composers' works, has them printed, recorded and released through regular channels.

Saved from Grubbing. Paul Fromm's reward for his good works is the knowledge that he has saved many a first-rate composer from money-grubbing. (On the theory that too much money can be as destructive as too little, he has also vowed never to expose his daughter to the temptations of a large inheritance.) He regards as one of his major triumphs the liberation of Composer Benjamin Lees (*TIME*, May 7) from the stress of film music writing. "If Ben kept it up, he would go to pieces musically," says Fromm. Last week's Tanglewood concert helped to get Composer Epstein a music teaching job. "We need the young composers far more than they need us," says Fromm. "All the foundation can do is see that they don't have to sell neckties."

* Violinist Alexander Schneider, Brooklyn College's Siegmund Levarie, De Paul's Alexander Tcherepnin and the American Conservatory of Music's Max Sinsheimer.

Triple Threat

In the year and a half since he made his debut on the U.S. concert stage, 23-year-old Toronto-born Pianist Glenn Gould has inspired more critical kudos than many a performer receives in a lifetime (*TIME*, Feb. 6). Nevertheless, he has long cherished an ambition to forgo performing for composing. At the Stratford (Ont.) music festival last week, he put his multiple talents on display. Within one two-hour program, he appeared as piano soloist, returned to hear the first concert performance of his *String Quartet*, followed that by conducting Schoenberg's *Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte*.

Gould's moody, darkly romantic *Quartet* moved several critics to high praise; it also proved that Composer Gould is still several giant steps behind Pianist Gould in accomplishments. Glenn Gould was 33 when he first sat down to play. By 10 he was studying with the Toronto conservatory's Alberto Guerrero; at 14 he performed with the Toronto Symphony. Since then, his life has been rigidly circumscribed by the demands of his musical career. In his rare free hours (he practices and reads scores eight hours a day before a performance), Gould studies other composers (major influences: Schoenberg, Anton Bruckner, Richard Strauss), reads omnivorously (favorites: Kafka and Thomas Mann), dodges social activities. "If an artist wants to use his mind for creative work," he says, "cutting oneself off from society is a necessary thing."

Gould practices some broad eccentricities—he is likely to bundle up in overcoat and muffler in the hottest weather; he usually soaks his hands and arms in hot water before he begins to play. His fussi-



Arthur Siegal

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ness about pianos is legendary—once he insisted that the keyboard had to be lowered one twenty-fifth of an inch. He sings off key while he is playing. "The piano is basically a percussive instrument, and the performer must imitate the vocal inflection," Gould explains.

Whatever Gould's eccentricities, they have not interfered with his swift rise to the top rank of contemporary performers. Now he is tempted to give up performing for composing; he wants ultimately to devote only two months or so a year to playing and the rest of the time to composing. "Before I'm 70," says young Glenn Gould, "I'd like to have made some good recordings and composed some chamber music, finished a couple of symphonies and an opera."

Rock 'n' Roll

The nation's elders fumed, fretted, legislated and pontificated last week over the socking syncretisms of "rock 'n' roll" (TIME, June 18). Items:

¶ After a riot in Asbury Park, N.J.'s Convention Hall that sent 25 vibrating teen-agers to the hospital, Mayor Roland J. Hines slapped a rock-'n'-roll ban on all city dance halls. Taking the hint, Jersey City canceled Jazzman Paul Whiteman's "Rock 'n' Roll Under the Stars" show at the 24,000-seat Roosevelt Stadium. Cried anguished Sponsor Ed Otto: "We were executed by remote control."

¶ Bandsman Bill (Rock Around the Clock) Haley, whose Comets were among the groups shut out by the Jersey City ban, put a defense of sorts on records, in pounding choruses of a ditty called *Teen-Ager's Mother*. Sample lyrics: "Teen-ager's mother, are you right?/ Did you forget so soon/ How much you liked to do the Charleston?"

¶ In San Jose, Calif., rioting rock 'n' rollers routed 73 policemen, injured eleven people, did \$3,000 worth of damage to a dance hall before they were evicted. Neighboring Santa Cruz banned rock 'n' rollers from civic buildings.

¶ In San Antonio, rock 'n' roll was banned from city swimming-pool jukeboxes because, said the city council, its primitive beat attracted "undesirable elements" given to practicing their spastic gyrations in abbreviated bathing suits.

¶ Piano Tuner O. J. Dodd told fellow delegates to the National Piano Tuners' convention in Kansas City that rock 'n' roll is raising hob with the nation's keyboards. For the first time in his long professional career, he said, he had seen a piano's thick bass chord snapped by a pianist flailing out a thundering rock-'n'-roll chorus.

The major sociological comment of the week was that of Roosevelt University Sociologist Dr. S. Kirson Weinberg, who saw in rock 'n' roll a manifestation of the insecurities of the age, added that "the effects of the music are more predominant in girls." Or perhaps it was that of the reader of the *Denver Post* who wrote: "This booby doopy, oop-shoop, ootie ootie, boom boom de-addy boom, scoobledy goobledy dump—is trash."



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SCIENCE

Talking by Meteor

When a meteor—even if it is no bigger than a grain of sand—hits the earth's atmosphere, it leaves a long trail of ionized particles 60 miles up. Radio communications men have known for years that these trails act as wave reflectors, and they have tried to use them to make certain very short waves, which normally stop at the horizon, carry messages far around the curve of the earth. Chief difficulty was that most of the ionized trails last only a second or so. Before one of them could be located and used as a reflector, it was usually too weak to be useful.

Last week the Canadian government declassified a system which puts the meteor trails to work. Called "Janet" and developed by a group led by Dr. F. A. Forsyth, the system comprises two ground stations as much as 1,000 miles apart which constitute a "circuit." Their beam antennae look toward each other. When a meteor hits in the right place between them and leaves its reflecting trail, a signal from the receiving station reaches the transmitting station and tells it to send its message.

Several hundred usable meteor trails are formed per hour, but since each trail can be used for only one second, the transmitter has to send its message fast. This it does by an electronic mechanism which stores the message and sends it in a "burst" less than one second long. The receiving station has an apparatus that stores the burst and plays it out slowly as an understandable message.

The Janet system may be specially valuable for far-northern Canada. There ordinary radio communications are often fouled up by atmospheric irregularities connected with the northern lights, but signals reflected from meteor trails are largely unaffected. First chance at the new apparatus will go to Canada's armed services and to those of her allies. Civilians may get theirs later.

Is Nature Symmetrical?

The discovery of anti-protons at the University of Cambridge (TIME, Oct. 31) was a basic physical discovery which had far-reaching effects. In Britain's *Nuclear Power*, Professor O. R. Frisch of the University of Cambridge tells how the discovery has affected scientific reasoning about the smallest things in the universe, the sub-atomic particles, and about the biggest thing, the universe itself.

According to the laws of electrodynamics, nature should be "symmetrical." There should be atoms with negative as well as positive nuclei. But for years after the discovery of atoms, all the evidence seemed stubbornly intent on proving that matter was unsymmetrical. The heavy, charged particles (protons) in the nuclei of atoms were always positive. The light particles (electrons) surrounding the nuclei were always negative. Never could the sci-



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tists find a "reversed atom" (negative protons, positive electrons) to back up the principle of symmetry.

Pair of Creation. In 1932, physicists discovered that positive electrons (positrons) are created out of energy by cosmic rays. They can also be made artificially by high-energy gamma rays from radioactive elements. Positrons do not last long; as soon as one of them hits a normal electron, both particles are annihilated, turning back into the energy out of which they were made. But the proof that positrons exist was a victory for believers in nature's symmetry. Better still was the fact when a positron is created, it always appears in a "pair" with an ordinary negative electron.

If positive electrons exist, why not negative protons? Scientists searched for them for years in cosmic rays, but found only a few doubtful cases. They hoped to create them in the laboratory, but no existing cyclotron had enough power. It took the Berkeley Bevatron to create an anti-proton out of energy. Like the positron, it, too, appears only paired with an ordinary proton, and destroys itself as soon as it collides with a proton.

Anti-Matter. With the anti-proton found, scientists assume that "anti-matter" is possible—a symmetrical "mirror image" with all the outward characteristics of ordinary matter but with its electrical charges reversed. Obviously, anti-matter could not exist within reach of ordinary matter as it exists on earth. But it may even be common in other parts of the universe. Some of the distant galaxies may be made of such reversed matter. The light from a star of anti-matter, says Professor Frisch, would be just like the light from normal stars.

If a space ship from earth were to land on a planet of anti-matter, it would vanish in a puff of energy. But if a galaxy made of anti-matter were to collide with an ordinary galaxy, their stars might not annihilate each other. In the vast emptiness of space, even within a galaxy, direct collisions between stars are extremely unlikely. But dust and gas between the stars would certainly come in contact. Each particle of normal matter would annihilate a particle of anti-matter. The result would be a great increase in brightness. No such glowing collision has been observed, says Professor Frisch, but "since collisions between galaxies are anyhow very rare, this might have been overlooked."

If there are no galaxies made of anti-matter, the cosmologists should try to explain why they do not exist. An explanation is relatively easy for those cosmologists who believe the universe was formed in a vast, single explosion. "The universe," explains Professor Frisch, "must have been very dense at first, and annihilation would have weeded out all but one kind of matter." But for those who hold that matter is being created continuously in space between the galaxies, the anti-proton is more of a problem. Their theory will have to explain, says Professor Frisch, why only one kind of matter is being created.

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THE THEATER

The Charmer

(See Cover)

The curtain rises, and a hushed Manhattan audience gazes into illusion. The stage is London's Covent Garden Market, gaudy and loud with its night visitors. Out from behind a pillar pops a man—lean, lank, cave-chested, middle-aged, his head stooped forward as if he were perpetually peering over invisible glasses. His accent is meticulously English, his habitual mood one of irascible impatience. His face scrooches up into a demoniacal, teeth-haring grimace that makes him look like a dissipated Walt Disney wolf, or falls into

brought thousands of willing playgoers under the spell of Professor Henry Higgins, gentleman bachelor and phonetics professor extraordinary. *My Fair Lady* is Broadway's biggest hit, and its 48-year-old star is Broadway's most unexpected new bright light. Charles Laughton is one of many fellow actors who has rushed backstage to offer his congratulations. Says Laughton: "In all my theater experience, I've seen only a handful of performances to match Rex's. He makes every man in the audience laugh at himself, and every woman laugh at the man beside her."

At bottom, *My Fair Lady* is nothing

line of dialogue, the theme of every lyric, is taken from some part of Shaw, though Lerner strayed as far afield as his personal letters and the preface he wrote for the published play. The result is more than the simple addition of music. Though the tunes are not as distinguished in themselves as *Oklahoma!*'s or *South Pacific*'s, Composer Frederick Loewe has woven them into the play's fabric with an intimacy and relevance seldom matched on Broadway. Eliza's triumphant achievement of "the rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain" gains an immense poignancy by sliding into song, to the contrapuntal rhythm of Higgins' delighted chant: "She's got it, she's got it, I really think she's got it!"

By thus plucking Shavian phrases from Shavian text for its lyrics, *Fair Lady* wondrously preserves the salt-and-pepper flavor of Shaw's intellect while transmitting the gaiety of his wit and adding a sweetness he only grumpily betrayed. From Professor Higgins' opening song the Shavian tone is set:

An Englishman's way of speaking absolutely classifies him.

The moment he talks he makes some other Englishman despise him.

One common language I'm afraid we'll never get . . .

The Scotch and Irish leave you close to tears.

There are even places where English completely disappears.

In America, they haven't used it for years!

Fair Lady is not all Rex Harrison. Producer Herman Levin has outfitted it sumptuously with Cecil Beaton costumes and Oliver Smith sets, had Hanya Holm contrive romping dances under Covent Garden's soaring arches. Stanley Holloway, a hook-nosed veteran of British music halls, makes Eliza's father an uproarious Shavian tribute to the "undeserving poor." Harrison's co-star, a 20-year-old English girl named Julie Andrews, plays the role of the flower girl with heart-lifting simplicity. Switching convincingly from whining cockney to fluting aristocrat, she is raucous as she squawks her indignation at the rude Professor Higgins, touching as she manfully struggles with a mouthful of marbles (when she swallows one, Higgins says cheerily: "Oh, don't worry, I have plenty more"), uproariously funny as she balances a teacup opening day at Ascot and betrays her elegant new accent with hopelessly vulgar reminiscences of her aunt's influence. ("My aunt died of influenza, so they said, but it's my belief they done the old woman in . . . My father, he kept lading gin down her throat. Then she came to so sudden that she hit the bowl of the spoon.")

The whole show James Thurber has pronounced "the finest union of comedy and music" in his experience. And others have said much the same thing.

Shaw, always a canny man with a shilling, would have appreciated more vividly the coarser tribute of the money that is



PROFESSOR HIGGINS & PUPIL.

Levin: M. C. Sullivan—Life

sagging folds reminiscent of a despondent bloodhound. He is insulting and unreasonable and indifferently cruel.

But somehow this irritable, elegant, hectoring man distills a charm which flows over the audience like a trance. He bullies the little cockney flower girl, and the audience laughs. He is outrageously rude, and the audience chuckles. His stooped figure has a negligent grace, even in a hip-length cardigan that might embarrass an impoverished English nanny. He rasps out songs in a voice that would insult a blue jay, but when he croaks a gruff admission of love for the little flower girl—"I've grown accustomed to her face"—there is a lump in many a throat.

Thus, every weekday night for the last four months, Actor Rex Harrison has

more than George Bernard Shaw's play *Pygmalion* with music added. First produced in London in 1914, *Pygmalion* told the story of Eliza, the caterwauling cockney girl, and the egotistical speech expert who, on a bet, turned her into the belle of a high-society ball. The spindly, thick-chinned old master in knickers thus combined Cinderella and Svengali in a single play. Except for a girl-gets-boy conclusion that Shaw would not have abided, *Fair Lady*'s Author Alan Jay Lerner did no tampering with a good thing.* Every

* In a long addendum to *Pygmalion*, Shaw insisted for several pages that Higgins would always remain a bachelor and Pupil Eliza would marry her young suitor Freddy Eynsford Hill. To assume that the heroine of a romance "must have married the hero of it" is "unbearable," Shaw snorted.

pouring into *Lady's* clinking till. Tickets are almost impossible to get; scalpers demand as much as \$50 for choice seats. Overall, *Fair Lady's* producers expect to gross some \$5,000,000 (including \$5,000 a week for Harrison) on their \$401,000 production, and the Columbia LP record of the songs should gross at least another \$3,000,000.

Harrison & Higgins, Inc. In Higgins, Rex Harrison plays a character close to his own—which may actually be more difficult than hiding behind King Lear's beard or Pistol's putty nose. Harrison and Higgins are both aggressively British and crisply upper crust. Both are absorbed in their work and in themselves. Both are curt, clear, complacent. Both can be beastly and charming at the same time. Or, as Rex puts it: "I always find it less difficult than some actors to be irascible without being unpleasant. I've taken over some of Higgins and he's taken over some of me."

But one enormous difference remains. Higgins sings:

*I'm a quiet-living man,
Who prefers to spend his evenings
In the silence of his room;
Who likes an atmosphere as restful
As an undiscovered tomb.
A pensive man am I,
Of philosophic joys;
Who likes to meditate,
Contemplate,
Free from humanity's mad, inhuman
noise.*

This is quite in character for Bachelor Professor Higgins, but so completely out of keeping with Harrison's own personality that he can think of no way to render it except satirically. Rex is no philosopher. He dislikes silence, books and classical music, and he avoids solitude strenuously. In the words of a friend, he is "a pouncer and a plunger."

In *Fair Lady*, Higgins' friend Colonel Pickering asks him: "Are you a man of good character where women are concerned?" Counters Higgins: "Have you ever met a man of good character where women were concerned?" Being a quiet-living man, Higgins tries to avoid the issue in life. Being just the opposite, Harrison flies to embrace it. Detractors call him Sexy Rexy—an epithet Harrison maintains was originally pinned on him by an ironic English lady whose charms he had declined. His friends insist: "Rex doesn't flirt with women; women flirt with him." There is no question that women find him attractive. Explained one: "A great deal of his charm is his humor and lightness of touch. No woman can resist the challenge of trying to make a man lose both of them."

Harrison himself says: "Women either love me or loathe me." For if Harrison's first love is the theater, his second is love itself. It is an avocation that has notably complicated his life.

There are other sharp contrasts between Harrison's stage personality and his ordi-

"ELIZA? WHERE THE DEVIL
ARE MY SLIPPERS?"



"I'LL MAKE A DUCHESS OF THIS DRAGGLE-TAILED GUTTERSNIFE" Leonard McCombie—Life



"IF I WAS DOING IT PROPER, WHAT WAS YOU LAUGHING AT?" Leonard McCombie—Life





WITH G. B. SHAW
He clung like mad.

nary life. So calmly self-assured on stage, Harrison in private is desperately uncertain, a worried hypochondriac who never goes anywhere without his white traveling case full of pills. "He buys pills like bestsellers," says a friend. If some one else swallows a pill in his presence, he is apt to demand one for himself on general principles. He dithers for days over the smallest decisions. He cannot keep track of his money.

Once, Rex promised to jot down every penny he spent, returned with a scrap of paper on which he had noted: "Taxi \$1.50, tip 50¢; misc. items \$83." He hates to close drawers or doors. Asked why, he mutters: "It seems so final." He cannot bear to be away from people, nervously insists he must "keep in touch." He hates to fly, walks out to the plane muttering, "Loathe it, loathe it, absolutely loathe it." On board, he takes a heavy shot of whisky and an enormous sleeping pill, sits moodily pulling his nose until the flight is ended.

Blood & Money. The real Reginald Carey Harrison was born in a Liverpool suburb on March 5, 1908. On his father's side was a certain amount of money from wholesaling, and on his mother's a fraction of the blood of famed actor Edmund Kean (1787-1833). "I was a seedy child," he sighs, "unbright, dull, and good at nothing except a bit of cricket. I started wearing glasses when I couldn't see the blackboard any more—I still can't see an elephant right beside me without my glasses. I was sick a lot. Nobody could guess what was the matter with me, but anyway it passed, and then some years ago a calcified gland was found in my intestines. Apparently I'd had TB of the intestines, which cured itself."

One of his schoolmasters remembers Rex as "what we called a posh boy, always neat and well groomed. Pretty unusual in a schoolboy. But he was likable."

Excruciatingly slow at his studies, Rex despaired of ever amounting to anything. Then he took part in a couple of school plays, and to his astonishment found himself applauded. His career was set, in a way that recalls H. L. Mencken's sour description of the sort of youth who generally gets stage-struck. "Is he," Mencken asked, "the alert, ingenious, ambitious young fellow? Is he . . . the diligent reader, the hard student, the eager inquirer? No. He is, in the overwhelming main, the neighborhood fop and beau, the human clotheshorse, the nimble squire of dames. He seeks in the world, not a chance to test his mettle by hard and useful work, but an easy chance to shine."

At 16 Rex left school for the stage, got an apprentice job at Liverpool's Repertory Theater. Far from providing "an easy chance to shine," the job meant a series



AS THE KING OF SIAM
He refused to play "darling."

of obscure challenges. In facing up to them, Rex slowly changed from a fairly backward boy to a rather forward young man. Almost from the start he found himself devastatingly attractive to girls—and they to him. Yet Rex was never a play-boy who happened to act. Even in his teens he was an actor who liked to play. Said a fellow actor of those days: "Rex always had a most commanding manner. You felt you didn't want him to leave the company. If he said he was going, you felt you had to press him to have another drink so he would stay."

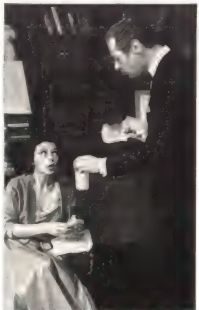
Hanging & Scratching. Young Harrison long hung by his fingernails from the lower ledges of the theater world. He toured the provinces, living in boarding houses, and got an occasional bit part in London. He wore a monocle, used a long cigarette holder, fancied Scotch and hot music. He seemed rich and dashing even

though he was actually poor and plugging. As things got harder he made his acting look easier. "Everything was always difficult for me," he says gloomily, and then brightens: "It's unfortunate that more American actors don't get that kind of experience. It's a marvelous backlog for you to learn the hard way!"

At 26 he charmed a pretty brunette French teacher and accomplished skier named Collette Thomas into marriage. They lived in "a series of ghastly, sordid rooms and flats," while he scabbled up the drawing-room-comedy ladder. Then in 1936 he made his Broadway debut in *Sweet Aloes* and hit the top. Back in London he starred in *French Without Tears*, *Design for Living*, *No Time for Comedy*. Then, to "get a bit of money," Harrison temporarily left the stage for movies (a medium he dislikes), met George Bernard Shaw himself in the course of making *Major Barbara*.

Pulling & Providing. During World War II Rex taught radar in an R.A.F. school. By then his wandering blue eye had zeroed in on a beautiful young German-Jewish actress named Lilli Palmer. "He was very self-conscious," Lilli recalls, "as all Englishmen are when they're attracted to a woman. Later we went for a drive. He was wearing big fur gloves, and he was continually taking off one of his gloves to pull his nose. I watched him for a while and then said, 'Let me pull your nose for you. It'll be easier—and safer.'" Collette sued Rex for divorce, naming Lilli as correspondent. Soon afterward Rex and Lilli were married.

In 1945 the Harrisons went to Hollywood. They expected to be bored but hoped to make their fortunes. As it turned out, the experience was neither boring nor fortunate. Rex played his best screen role as the temperamental king in *Anna and*



Leonard McCombe—Lilli
WITH LILLI PALMER
She pulled his nose.

the King of Siam.* Thereafter he rejected scripts for months, finally accepted and starred in three flops. He got the reputation of being box-office poison. "I played parts I felt were not right for me," he grumbled. "A deadly feeling of hopelessness and helplessness would overcome me. I found the climate monotonous and unstimulating—the luxury is ruinous and the shop talk worst of all."

Rex refused to play "darling" with Hollywood's female columnists, who retaliated by breathing sulphurous fumes in his general direction. He quarreled with Lilli, who left for Manhattan. He developed a snootiness calculated to alienate co-workers by the hundreds—which it did. Snapped the *Hollywood Reporter*: "We don't remember an actor, foreign or domestic, who breached so many rules of good taste in his conduct among fellow workers. The wonder of the whole thing is that Harrison didn't have his face bashed in." But he charmed the most openhearted girl in town.

Death in the Afternoon. The girl was Actress Carole Landis. On Sunday, July 4, 1948, Rex dined at the home of his great and good friend Carole. He left at about 9 p.m. and did not return that night, unluckily. Next afternoon Rex appeared at the Landis house, bounded upstairs to the bedroom, and remained there for some minutes. When he came down it was to tell the maid her mistress was dead.

She had killed herself with an overdose of sleeping pills. A note to "Mommie" found near the body gave no explanation. Hollywood, disliking Rex, was ready to assume the worst, suggested darkly that there had been another note to Rex himself, and that he had pocketed it. (At the inquest, Harrison denied there was any such note.) Louella Parsons' column reported at the time that Carole "had been deeply in love with a man who was forced to tell her that nothing could come of their romance."

Actor Harrison did not improve matters by panic. After notifying the police without giving his name, he dashed away home. The public-relations office of his studio soon closed around him, and Lilli was flown back from Manhattan to be at his side. For days a battle raged between reporters who were trying to dig out the facts and pressagents trying to bury them.

"I felt no guilt complex—no, none at all," Harrison recalled last week. "But I did spend months afterwards going to psychiatrists, discussing the suicide with them, seeking the reasons for it. The plain fact is that Carole had a death wish!"

Back to the Boards. The Harrisons got out of Hollywood in a hurry. Luckily, Harrison had already signed to play Henry VIII in a Broadway production of Maxwell Anderson's *Anne of the Thousand Days*. He flung his skinny frame into the heavily padded king's role so frantically that once during rehearsals he had to be hospitalized. An X ray showed his

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ANDREWS & HARRISON WITH LERNER & LOEWE

The man in knickers would appreciate the coarser tribute.

stomach clenched into fist-size; Harrison claims the hospital is still displaying the plates as an example of what nervous tension can do.

The Harrison reputation was growing among professionals. When he and Lilli co-starred in an airy drawing-room spoof called *Bell, Book and Candle*, Author John Van Druten, who also directed, declared flatly: "I think he is probably the most brilliant actor I've ever worked with. He is fantastically meticulous. He will pause to think out every suggestion, and then try it over and over again until he's satisfied. He will even try out whether to put his weight on his toes, heels, or on the ball of his foot when he is turning and delivering a line." José Ferrer, then playing in *The Silver Whistle*, went to six matinees in a row, explaining: "I've been in this business a long time, and Rex Harrison is the only actor doing comedy that I can learn from." Noel Coward told him: "After me, you are the best light comedian in the world."

Lilli calls him "Harrisburg." Alternatively, she refers to him as "the youngest Blimp" with a mixture of affection and exasperation. Often she has tried to moderate his irritable perfectionism, which can result in his berating other actors. "Afterwards he's sorry, but no one is around then," she says. Harrison is equally harsh on himself, readily accepts criticism. "It's impossible to prick the man's bubble," says Lilli. "Rex doesn't have a bubble."

Rex and Lilli have a son, Carey, who is now at a swank British prep school. "I want the boy to have the education I missed," says Rex. "Fortunately I didn't need one in the theater." Noel, his son by his first wife, was an Olympic skier, now plays the guitar as an entertainer in European nightclubs. In London, Harrison moves confidently at any level of society; his sister married David Maxwell Fyfe, who was Home Secretary, and is now Viscount Kilmauir, the present Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, and a member of the Tories' top command. Five

years ago Harrison built a villa overlooking the fishing village of Portofino on the Italian Riviera, where Rex fished, swam, sped about in speedboats. But he was always restless there. "I'm not really a country man in the hearty sense," he admits. He has a nervous habit of stroking his long nose, shooting his cuffs by stretching out his arms, and then running his hand down the length of his tie. "You haven't lived," observed a friend who visited the Harrisons in Portofino, "until you've seen Rex go through that routine in nothing but a bikini."

Be a Chum. There were more quarrels with Lilli, and trial separations. "Let's face it," Lilli says, "Englishmen don't like women, at least not in the way that Italians or Frenchmen like women. Englishmen don't ever really look at a woman. The greatest compliment Rex can pay me is to say that being with me is as good as being with a pal. He's a man's man, an Englishman."

In *Fair Lady* Professor Higgins asks, "Why can't a woman be more like a man?"

Men are so decent, such regular chaps, Ready to help you through any mishaps, Ready to buck you up whenever you are glum,

Why can't a woman be a chum?

Actor Harrison gives that number all the conviction he's got. In fact, the strongly masculine tone of the show—typical of Shaw and atypical of musicals—was one reason he agreed to star in it.

He got the part not so much for his resemblance to Higgins as for his charm on the boards. A boulder of a word, reduced to pebble-size by too much fingering, "charm" comes from the Latin for incantation and implies the use of magic. No one who has seen *Fair Lady* denies that Rex exerts a sort of magic—how else could grow: "Eliza? Where the devil are my slippers?" and make it a moving proposal of marriage—but few can agree on just where it lies.

Warmth & Pressure. Rex's secret is surely neither intellectual nor physical. Fellow Actor Orson Welles thinks it comes down to "chic—style without pressure." But stars of Harrison's brilliance are formed, like diamonds, under great pressure. As with diamonds, the process takes time—and warmth. "Rex himself must be a pretty nice guy," Charles Laughton argues, "or he couldn't give out the warmth and delight in life and humanity he does every night. You can't fake that."

"The key to Rex," says Moss Hart, who directed *Fair Lady*, "is that he's not a frivolous man. He's an actorly actor, the least frivolous actor I've ever worked with and the most industrious. What he gets he gets from digging, digging, digging. Once I discovered this, I could forgive him a good deal. There were tremendous rages and stalkings-off during rehearsals."

"I was a damned nuisance," Rex agrees, "clinging to Shaw like mad. The one thing that gave me an absolutely terrible time was learning the lyrics. There's just no way of finding your way back when you blow a line; you have to keep on because the damned orchestra won't stop."

Harrison sings only a few notes. He speaks his songs, putting them over by subtle changes of pitch and by his timing—which is the envy of the profession. To actors, timing means not only pacing one's words and gestures to make them clear, but also establishing a rhythmic rapport with the audience. A theater audience is an unwieldy mass, and men who can control its feelings as a fly fisherman controls a trout are rare indeed. Rex is still working to dovetail his acting with the reactions of the audience, changes something in every performance. "The writer or director may not think the show has improved since it opened," he says, "From an acting point of view I believe it has, and will."

Between performances Actor Harrison lives in sporty luxury on an estate in Westbury, L.I. Legally separated from Lilli, he has grown increasingly close to British Actress Kay (*Genevieve*) Kendall. Like his former loves, she is lively, beautiful and efficient. With and without Kay, Rex has charmed the Long Island horse set. "He can throw his charm around like handbills," says a friend. "He doesn't say anything very funny, but he laughs well." Rex pampers himself like an athlete, scrupulously sips a glass of hot water with lemon peel after every meal (for a misshapen gall bladder), in anticipation of the inevitable moment when he must climb into his black Cadillac convertible and go cityward to work.

"All day I'm building toward 8:30," he explains. "You wouldn't be an actor if you were bovine, so there always has to be this nervous tension. After the show I wonder why my stomach muscles haven't gone 'whoop' during the day. Then I can take a drink and relax for a bit. It's the only time I do relax, late at night, when most respectable people are in bed."

Stroking his long nose, wrinkling his brow and then pointing a long forefinger up at an imaginary stage, Rex murmurs: "It's awfully exposed up there, you know."



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RELIGION

Expansion for Hutterites

The 1,600 Hutterites of South Dakota may now buy new farm land. This right was confirmed for members of the religious sect last week when Circuit Judge Charles Hanson ruled that a 1955 law against establishing new communal farms or expanding old ones (TIME, June 4) is "too vague, indefinite and uncertain to be enforceable." The law as enacted by the South Dakota legislature is an admitted effort to check the growth of the frugal, efficient Hutterite cooperatives.

Bowing to Allah

Blue laws have showered down along the banks of the Nile since Lieut. Colonel Gamal Nasser took over Egypt. Not only is prostitution outlawed, but a boy who whistles at or flirts with a girl in public is liable to three months in jail, and taxis leave their inside lights on when a young couple gets in. Hand-kissing is frowned on, and alcohol is banned from official functions.

The United Presbyterian American Mission in Egypt announced that its eleven schools would comply with another stricture of the Nasser new deal: all schools must teach Mohammedanism to Moslem students, Judaism to Jewish students, and Christianity to Christians. Since most of Egypt's 284 foreign schools are run by Christian missions, and some 35,000 of their students are Moslems, this poses something of a pedagogical as well as a spiritual problem to the Christian schools. About two-thirds of them have reluctantly agreed to comply, though the Roman Catholics have not yet committed themselves, pending high-level discussions of the "conscientious" issue raised for Catholics by this apparent placing of their religion on the same level as others.

Protestants are less concerned by this objection. "We can teach their religion all right," said one of them in Cairo last week. "But if they ask us to build a mosque, that will be different."

Billy & the Theologians

Is ubiquitous Billy Graham good for Christianity? Though many will fail to understand how anyone who preaches the Bible could be bad for it, there are those who feel that where the gospel is concerned, half a loaf can be worse than no bread. The Billy Graham debate is waxing hot in the pages of the Protestant weekly *Christian Century*.

For the Negative. An articulate anti-Grahamite is Union Theological Seminary's Reinhold Niebuhr, who has done more than any man in the U.S. to hose away the froth of religious liberalism with the cold high-pressure stream of neo-orthodox polemic. The orthodoxy of Evangelist Graham, Niebuhr complains, is too naively orthodox. Liberal theology had one enormous asset: "The absolute honesty with which it encouraged the church to examine the scriptural foundations of



Alfred Eisenstaedt—LIFE
THEOLOGIAN NIEBUHR
Half a loaf is worse than none.

its faith . . . It is this distinct gain of liberal Christianity which is now imperiled, with the general loss of the prestige of liberalism and the general enhancement of orthodoxy."

Graham, Niebuhr thinks, is a throwback to the theological past. "Graham still thinks within the framework of pietistic moralism. He thinks the problem of the atom bomb could be solved by converting the people to Christ, which means that he does not recognize the serious perplexities of guilt and responsibility, and of guilt associated with responsibility, which Christians must face . . ."



Tommy Weber
EVANGELIST GRAHAM
The beginning is not the end.

"The personal achievements of Graham as a Christian and as evangelist should be duly appreciated. But they do not materially alter the fact that an individualistic approach to faith and commitment, inevitable as it may be, is in danger both of obscuring the highly complex tasks of justice in the community and of making too sharp distinctions between the 'saved' and the 'unsaved.'"

For the Affirmative. To Graham's defense this week comes Dean Elmer George Homrighausen of Princeton Theological Seminary. Billy Graham, he writes, "does break through into human personality and seems to give thousands of Protestants a dynamic gospel which highly intellectualized and organized Christianity fails to give."

Says Homrighausen: the problem of the individual has been intensified in our time. "Many people have said that if the Christian faith does not begin with the individual, it does not begin. But if it ends there, it ends! Existentialism of all types has confronted us with the loneliness and the uniqueness of personal life. Unless this individual is brought into an encounter with God-in-Christ so that his very existence is placed before the absolute judgment and mercy of God, he has not heard the 'gospel.' Unless he is 'converted,' he has not been initiated into the new life of Christ . . . My contention is that we must not give up the emphasis on the individual in evangelism, but, rather, must come to a new understanding of its necessity . . ."

Neo-orthodoxy, says Homrighausen, may know more about the structure and background of the Gospels, may take into account the sinfulness of individuals and nations, may understand the radical newness of the man reborn in Christ, but it "is hesitant and weak in calling persons to a positive faith." Theologian Homrighausen asks: "Where are the new orthodox evangelists? I have, frankly, been disappointed in [neo-orthodoxy's] inability to lead the way in the revival or rebirth or restoration of a relevant Protestantism in the local church."

Tikoloshe in Church

It was a quiet afternoon in the South African shanty village of Moroka. Children played in the dusty roadway and many dogs snoozed in the warm sun. Women attended to their pots and gossip. Then Tikoloshe turned up.

At first the mothers of Moroka did not know what had happened. They looked up to see the children skipping and dancing about like corn on a hot pan, then, as their mothers gaped from their doorways, the kids streamed into the brand-new Presbyterian church. But one stayed back long enough to explain: "They're following a little man no bigger than a boy—he's got hair all over his body and a long white beard, and claws instead of fingers." The mothers' hearts froze. For this, they knew at once, was Tikoloshe—the evil sprite who tempts South African black men to murder and worse (TIME, Feb. 20), who has the power to lure children



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away with tales of a marvelous play land, which leaves their brains addled for life. The mothers piled into the church as fast as they could hustle.

Tikoloshe is invisible, of course, to all but children or evil men. The squealing children obligingly dashed about, pointing where he was. "There—there—next to the window!" Crash went stones, hymnbooks, everything throwable, until not a pane of glass was left. "There he goes—under the pulpit!" The heaving, frantic mothers reduced the pulpit to matchwood. But Tikoloshe skipped off to another hiding place, and in a matter of minutes the inside of the church was a ruin.

The Rev. Shedrick E. Majola was summoned from a church congress 30 miles away. He stopped for a moment outside his church, staring at the shattered windows, his black face sweating in the sun. With his own hands he had laid the foundations four years before, and raised \$3,000 in pennies to build it. When at last he went inside, he found about \$800 worth of damage. Even worse, everyone but the pastor was afraid to set foot within the building for fear that Tikoloshe might still be there.

To prove that Jesus Christ is stronger than Tikoloshe, Pastor Majola routed out his congregation at midnight to watch him walk alone into the dark church. It did not end the crisis, but it helped. "They are gradually coming back," he said this week. "But when I preach, their eyes wander all the time to the broken pulpit as though they expect to see Tikoloshe suddenly jump out. With God's help I shall get back my church and my people."

Roman Roundup

¶ The Roman Catholic Church in Berlin has published statistics showing that Communist antireligious propaganda is paying off in Germany's East zone. Candidates for the priesthood number only 338—about half the normal expectation. Church membership "leakage" increased from 3,733 in 1948 to almost 10,000 last year.

¶ Two bestsellers went on the Catholic Index of Forbidden Books: *The Second Sex* (TIME, Feb. 23, 1953) and *The Mandarins* (TIME, May 28), both by French Existentialist Simone de Beauvoir. Her works, said *Osservatore Romano*, "spread a deleterious atmosphere of existentialist philosophy... a subtle poison... Madame de Beauvoir defends emancipation of women from moral laws."

¶ Vatican officials discovered a new racket flourishing under the noses of the Swiss Guards: forged tickets to papal audiences. Normally issued free by the chief chamberlain, the forged tickets omitted the stamped-on word *Gratis*, were sold for a pretty tourist penny. Commented the official Demo-Christian newspaper *Il Popolo*: "This activity is more than illegal. It is ignoble."

¶ Sinking in a sailboat off Catalina Island, Calif., three Roman Catholic priests were rescued by a passing tuna boat. "We were so busy pumping out water," one of them reported, "that we didn't have time to think about praying."



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THE PROBLEM OF OLD AGE

Adding Life to Years

Grow old along with me!

The best is yet to be,

The last of life, for which the first was made . . .

—ROBERT BROWNING

BY one of the great boons of modern medicine, the U.S. today has more and older old folks than any previous culture in history. In 1900 only 4.1% of the population were 65 or over; now these "senior citizens" account for 8.4%, and by 1980 they will make up 10% to 15% in a nation of about 225 million. But the boon has brought with it some perplexing problems—medical, social, economic. In Ann Arbor last week at the University of Michigan's annual Conference on Aging, the only such regular meeting in the country, 700 experts from the medical and social sciences put their heads (many greying) together to see what could be done in making Browning's vision a reality. The consensus: there must be imaginative and vast new developments on the social and economic fronts to forestall a future crisis of aging in the U.S., and the major attack on the problems of aging must be medical. That is the key to the others.

The Age of Age. The creed of the gerontologists is not John Donne's imaginative challenge—"Death, thou shalt die"—but "Death, thou shalt wait." Advances in control of infectious diseases, public-health measures, daring surgery and painstaking rehabilitation have combined to lengthen the overall U.S. life expectancy (at birth) from 47 years in 1900 to 69 today. Since life expectancy mounts as the hazards of successive age ranges are passed, a U.S. woman of 65 nowadays still has an average of 15 years ahead, and a man has 13. This is the age of age.

But to what purpose are the added years put? Will these millions of aging men and women be allowed to fall victim to a succession of so-called degenerative diseases, finally become vegetables who have to be diapered and tube-fed and, in the phrase of Philadelphia's Dr. Edward L. Bortz, 60, live as "chemical Methuselahs," a burden to themselves and society? If Bortz and like-minded medicos have their way, the profession of medicine must exert itself so that men and women can go through their eighth, ninth or even tenth decades still hale and hearty, until eventually they die from a swift and general collapse of the body's metabolic processes.

So far, according to the most vocal experts at Ann Arbor, medicine is not yet ready to do its full part. Gerontology and geriatrics* have not grown up enough. Said Dr. Edmund Vincent Cowdry, anatomist at St. Louis' Washington University: "The emphasis is going off youth and going on age. Geriatrics is where pediatrics was 40 years ago. It has been the unwanted child. But grandmother must have her specialist, too. It took medicine centuries to discover that the infant is not just a little man, and to set up the specialty of pediatrics. It has taken longer for medicine to learn that the elderly person is not just an old boy."

Said Dr. Bortz: "Three-fourths of our medical work nowadays is with older people. This makes geriatrics the No. 1 specialty whether we like it or not."

But recognition of geriatrics' special place is not coming fast enough to satisfy Gerontologist Cowdry or swashbuckling, iconoclastic Geriatrician Edward J. Stieglitz, 57, of Washington,

* Gerontology, from Greek *geron*, old man; study of the aged. Geriatrics, from *geras*, old age; healing of the aged.



RETIREMENT OFFICERS AT CORONADO, CALIF.

D.C. Complains Cowdry: "Medicine has shunned geriatrics. It has viewed the elderly patient as a bad pay risk. It has misdiagnosed and maltreated him." He estimates that fully 30% of mental-hospital inmates over 65 have diseases no more "mental" than partial paralysis, heart trouble, untidiness, nutritional problems, or high blood pressure.

Says Dr. Stieglitz: "Health is a lot more than the absence of disease. Pediatrics has been making healthy children healthier. Geriatrics could do the same. The trouble is that doctors think entirely in terms of disease, and are ignoring their opportunities for making aging people healthier." Until it brings health as well as longer life, he adds, medicine will be "saving some persons who don't want to be saved and are worthless to society. We are coming to a stage where keeping these people alive will jeopardize the lives of those fit to survive."

Nobody Went Home. One place where the opportunities for adding health to age are being exploited with similar success is St. Louis. There, Dr. William B. Kountz, 60, a native Missourian, talked Washington University into putting up \$300 to start a research program at the old city infirmary. In 1943 it was shifted to St. Louis Chronic Hospital, where about half the 1,600 patients are afflicted with the disorders of old age. Kountz has raised enough funds (including one \$2,000,000 bequest) so that the university has never had to add to its original piddling investment.

"In the early days at the center," Dr. Kountz recalls, "the death rate was 15% to 20% a year. Nobody—and I mean nobody—was going home from the hospital. It was the old story: 'terminal care.' Now we have cut the death rate in half. Every month, ten to 15 elderly patients are returned to their homes and to industry, or to healthy retirement."

A still controversial sex-hormone regimen has played the biggest part in achieving this result. Explains Dr. Kountz: "The layman equates these hormones with sex, but equally important is the part they play in nutrition and the ability of the body to use the food it gets. As we grow old, if we don't have a proper hormone balance, the body burns up its own protein. We lose carbohydrates, fat and minerals as well. Even brain tissue is absorbed. We found that old people suffered this loss even if they were eating properly. Then we found out why—they lacked androgens and estrogens. Without a proper androgen-estrogen balance, proteins are spilled over and lost."

One of Dr. Kountz's first patients for hormone treatment was a woman of 78. She was bearded, diabetic and grouchy; she often used her wooden leg as a club when a doctor approached her. She was put on estrogens. After three months, he recalls, "she became one of the sweetest persons in the hospital. She began to menstruate regularly, her beard went away, and she went home."

Even in Dr. Kountz's enthusiastic estimation, hormones do not suffice in themselves. He cites a depressed man in his 70s. "On hormones, he started coming around, but something was still bothering him. We found out that he was an inveterate gambler. I got him a job with a stock and bond company, and it made him a young man again. In four years he made \$200,000. Now he's 93 and retired in Florida. He says his biggest regret is that he didn't grow old sooner."

Double Duty Drug. Most geriatricians use sex hormones more sparingly than Dr. Kountz, and some are dead set against them. They doubt that it does any good to get an old woman menstruating again, point to the danger of excessive vaginal bleeding, and the chance that erotic interests may be overstimulated in either sex. Dr. Kountz recognizes these risks—he has had such cases himself, especially in the early days of the treatment—but claims that it is all a matter of control; if the doses are right, so, usually, are the results.

Among the commonest medical problems of the aged are high blood pressure, which goes with hardening of the arterioles (small arteries), and hardening of somewhat bigger arteries, especially those in the brain. Until recently, virtually nothing could be done for these cases. Doctors faced with senile arteriosclerosis shrugged and said "You can't cure old age."

Then came drugs that did the trick in many cases. First were the hexamethonium compounds (TIME, Aug. 4, 1952), which simply lowered blood pressure. About three years ago doctors began to experiment with reserpine. This did double duty for a fair proportion of such patients; it lowered their blood pressure and also—perhaps more important—being a tranquilizer (ataraxic), it reduced their irritability and insomnia. At the Mental Health Institute in Cherokee, Iowa, Dr. Anthony A. Sainz gave reserpine to 89 patients classed simply as senile psychotics. In 62 cases the symptoms disappeared—agitation, apprehension, dependency, depression, quarrelsomeness. Seven cases showed "satisfactory improvement," and in only 20 were the results inadequate. Since then, at Cherokee and elsewhere, elderly patients have regularly been put on reserpine and newer ataraxics; many general practitioners and psychiatrists treating the aged during office hours prescribe these drugs to control the conditions that so often lead to hospitalization.

No More. Advances in surgery and anesthesiology have made a tremendous difference in the outlook for aged victims of disease and accident in recent years. They used to be dismissed as "poor surgical risks." But no more. The death rate from broken hips, one of their commonest accidental injuries, was appallingly high because of surgical shock, or infection, or other complications during long, bedridden convalescence. Now surgeons can safely undertake the operation to reduce the fracture in victims as old as 90. The surgeons use a metal nail to fix the bones in place; the use of antibiotics prevents infections; and patients are up and about before complications have a chance to develop.

It is in the seemingly simple matter of diet that medicine has made one of its most conspicuous gains for the aged. In the early 1900s the idea got around that old people needed less protein, and they were often advised to go on a vegetarian diet. Then came low-salt diets. "Don't fall for that old vegetarian routine," warns Dr. Cowdry. "It'll kill you. And a low-salt diet is just as bad unless it's prescribed for a specific

reason, such as a certain kind of heart disease." A good average diet for later life, according to Kountz:

Calories: 2,500 (more or less, according to weight and a doctor's advice).

Protein: 1 oz. (equivalent to 5 oz. of beef) for each 50 lbs. of body weight.

Fat: 3 oz. (including the fat in meat, shortening, gravies).

Carbohydrates: 6 to 8 oz. in fruit, cereals, vegetables and bread (not in sweets).

Alcohol: in moderation.

On tobacco there is a difference of opinion: Cowdry okays a little; Kountz rules it out entirely.

Time to Retire? What happens to people when they live to old age? Much emphasis has been put on getting them out of their children's (and grandchildren's) state hospitals, where they do not belong. Even in Massachusetts, a state where (as in New Hampshire, New York, Iowa) formidable thought has gone into programs to bring longer and fuller life to the aged, 5% of people over 65 live in old people's homes. The rest are in their own homes or those of kinfolk.

A major problem is that far too few oldsters have ever been prepared, socially or psychologically, for the adjustments that must be made in the later years. Says Dr. Stieglitz: "Adults need lots of preparation for aging. Far too many men refuse to face the fact that they will have to retire. The physician must help such a man reconcile himself to retirement and prepare for it. Suppose you have a patient of 63. You know he has a one-track mind, and in two years he'll face the bugbear of retirement. Do you wait until he's had his nervous breakdown after retirement, or do you start preparing him for it? Classical medicine would wait: constructive medicine would act."

Cowdry puts it this way: "More important than any other single factor is the old person's need for a community of interests. Nature seems to have ordained that those who abdicate from life socially will soon abdicate from life physically."

To avoid these abdications in St. Louis, Cowdry sparked an all-out drive to keep the aged socially active. With a mayor's committee and other groups in support, there are recreation centers, hobby shows, "golden-age clubs," summer camps, and light industries which rely on the willingness of the aged to do painstaking, detailed work.

Besides preparation for long life, there must also be preparation for death. Cowdry urges old folks to be philosophical about it. "It's not a terrible surprise," he says. "Usually you find that when death is ready for you, you're ready for death. And it's a medical fact that death comes less unpleasantly in later years. Pain is so much less acute. Most old people simply drop off to sleep."

Not One Chair. For all the attention that aging and the aged got last week at Ann Arbor, Cowdry, Stieglitz & Co. were disappointed with the conference's final results. They had hoped that the seminar on geriatric medicine would make a flat recommendation that medical schools set up professorships in geriatrics, thus help their branch of medicine to become a distinct and recognized specialty. But the dead hand of custom—plus the legitimate arguments of some experts anxious not to isolate treatment of the aged from general medicine—denied them this prize. Instead, they won a recommendation that medical schools give "more emphasis" to gerontology and geriatrics. Nowhere in the country is there a chair of geriatrics, or any course specifically devoted to geriatrics in any medical-school curriculum.

U.S. specialists in medicine for the aging and aged may well grow old themselves in the struggle to carry out their motto: "To add life to years, not just years to life."



KOUNTZ



COWDRY

SPORT



Robert Lovell

DECATHLON CHAMPION JOHNSON WINNING THE BROAD JUMP
After 5 o'clock shadow, a clean edge.

Giant on the Track

The Rev. Robert Richards was mildly apologetic for the stubble that darkened his unshaven face. "I always try to look rough on these days," he explained. But 5 o'clock shadow did not scare off his fans. The crowd on hand at Indiana's Wabash College for the National A.A.U. decathlon championship—the trials to determine U.S. Olympic contenders—dogged Bob Richards' every step.

Then the crowd deserted the defending champ and straggled across the rain-slowed track to watch a brown giant strip off his sweat suit. Rafe Lewis Johnson, 20, sophomore colossus (6 ft. 3 in., 200 lbs.) from U.C.L.A., looked as good as the reports that preceded his arrival.

Fancy Routine. They may have been fickle, but the fans also were safe enough in their choice. For Rafe Johnson already held the world's record in the ten-event test that is an all-but-unrecognizable descendant of the pentathlon* of ancient Olympic times. In his home town of Kingsburg, Calif., last year, he ran up an astonishing total of 7,985 points, 98 more than Bob Mathias' winning Olympic performance in 1952, a fat 338 more than the best ever scored by his fast-improving prospective chief rival at Melbourne this fall, Russia's Vasily Kuznetsov.

Too sharp a competitor to underrate his own talents or misjudge a rival, Johnson began pointing for the 1956 contest back in

1952, when as a 16-year-old high-school sophomore he went to Tulare, Calif., to see Bob Mathias earn a trip to his second Olympics. The complicated scoring was beyond young Rafe (as it is beyond almost everyone else but the judges), but he was not too modest to decide that he was as good as or better than most of the entrants.

Rafe went home to Kingsburg, tuned up by going out for every sport he could. He worked out no special training routine for the demanding decathlon, simply determined to spend four hours a day practicing whichever event suited his or his coach's fancy, a routine he still follows.

High Hopes. Already qualified as an Olympic broad-jumper, Johnson paced himself nicely through the decathlon, made it all look so easy that fans could almost believe him when he insisted that in regular meets, he often works far harder. He started out by winning the 100-meter dash. He won the broad jump, placed third in the shot put, dropped to ninth in the high jump, with an injured knee, but tied for first (with Notre Dame's Aubrey Lewis) in the 400-meter run, toughest of the first day's tests.

Next afternoon Johnson took a third in the hurdles. Then, in the process of taking first place in the discus throw, he re-injured his left knee. Even so, he placed second in the pole vault, third in the javelin throw. But he dropped far back in the grueling 1,500-meter run. Though he had failed to break his own world's record, Johnson's final total of 7,754 points made him an easy first. Behind him, Navy's Milt Campbell scored 7,555, the Rev. Bob Richards 7,054. For the first time in history, three decathlon competitors had bettered 7,000 points, and U.S. Olympic hopes, already floating in numbers, rose even higher.

Advice from the Deacon

"Deacon Jack" Hurley, otherwise known as the "Conscience of Seattle," is a manager of professional prizefighters who suffers variously, according to his outraged complaint, from ulcers, insomnia, sinusitis, rheumatism and Republicans. Somehow he still manages to practice his furious skill for conning the public into supporting pugilists of wildly assorted talents, e.g., Billy ("The Fargo Express") Petrolle and Harry ("Kid") Matthews. In the current issue of *Sport*, Deacon Jack Hurley spells out his secrets for survival in a world beset by the dangers of women and other amateurs.

❑ "Don't lead with your chin, and keep your pants off the floor. Don't sign with the I.B.C. and don't watch television. They both pick your pocket."

❑ "Keep your habits simple. Eat plenty of meat, bread, potatoes and gravy, and forget the fancy stuff like *vee-she-swa*. If your mother can't cook, run away from home."

❑ "Never trust a guy who smokes a pipe. They sit around and look thoughtful, but all the time they're figuring how they can steal a hot stove."

❑ "Every young man should learn a hobby. A hobby will keep him relaxed and easy to live with. The best hobby I know is learning how to handle money."

Flying Sorcerer

Streamlined as they were, the 58 aircraft gathered outside the little Burgundy village of Saint-Yan (pop. 859) seemed remnants of an earlier era—a time when flying was still for the birds or for men who wished to emulate them. No stub-winged jets waited to scream aloft, riding the thrust of a man-made thunderclap. These were sleek sailplanes, slim-winged frail, and built to soar on the least suspicion of a breeze. Their pilots had come



Stanley Karnow

SOARING CHAMPION MACCREADY
Between the boys and a man, the Alps.

* In which the best of competing jumpers, qualified for spear-throwing, the four best spear-throwers ran a sprint race, the three fastest sprinters flung a discus, and the two finalists wrestled for a wreath of olive leaves. The modern decathlon consists of the 100-meter dash, broad jump, shot put, high jump, 400-meter run, 110-meter hurdles, discus throw, pole vault, javelin throw, 1,500-meter run.

BASEBALL'S BIG TEN

The major league leaders at mid-season:

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Team: Milwaukee (by 2 games)
Pitcher: Lawrence, Cincinnati (17-2)
Batter: Bailey, Cincinnati (.333)
RBI: Musial, St. Louis (65)
Home Runs: Banks, Chicago { (22)
 Kluszewski, Cincinnati }

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Team: New York (by 9½ games)
Pitcher: Pierce, Chicago (13-3)
Batter: Mantle, New York (.371)
RBI: Mantle, New York (74)
Home Runs: Mantle, New York (30)

from 25 countries for the fifth postwar international gliding championships.

Most of the pilots were scientists—chiefly meteorologists, electronics engineers, aerodynamicists—who devoted their spare time and their rainy hours to such pursuits as lectures by Geophysicist Joachim Kuettner on "A New Investigation of Stratospheric and Tropospheric Airflow in Powerful Mountain Waves," or "Research on the Transport of Freezing Nuclei and on Atmospheric Turbulence by Means of a Sailplane."

A Ruddy Machine. When it came to translating such complex matters into the precise science of soaring, no man at Saint-Yan could compare with a thin, grave U.S. meteorologist named Paul B. MacCready Jr. "He's a ruddy machine," complained one Englishman. "He's a sorcerer," whispered a Frenchman. Said a more practical American: "He's a genius."

Too busy to do much soaring in between the international meets, Paul MacCready, 30, divides his time between meteorological research and running his own outfit, Meteorology, Inc., which specializes in cloud-seeding studies. He began soaring after training as a naval aviator during World War II, has kept it up to help work out his meteorological theories. "Rain, hail, lightning," says Paul, "all of them are byproducts of upcurrents. Soaring is a sport that teaches a scientist something."

Safer Than Driving. Right from the start of last week's meet, Paul MacCready rode the upcurrents as surely as Willie Hoppe playing the caroms on a billiard table. He finished second in the free-flight for distance, covering 241.7 miles, moved out in front in overall standings with a fifth in the 62-mile race south to St. Etienne, and in the next event, an Alpine flight, he practically flew off with the title.

The objective in the decisive event was to fly over the Dauphiné Alps to Toulon, some 250 miles south, on the Mediterranean. Paul and his borrowed French Breguet-901 were towed aloft by a powered biplane, released at about 2,500 ft. With the rest of the pack he circled the field and eased gently toward the Alps. Mt. Ventoux (6,011 ft.) separated the men from the boys; many contestants

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new beauty and functions in a brand-new way to take the waste water away instantly, without splashing.

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Actual items you enter on keyboard appear in this Check Window before they are printed or added. For the first time on an American 10-key machine you see what you're adding —so you can work quickly and accurately. Note, too, how Clear Signal prints automatically on tape with the first item following a total...also how True Credit Balance prints without extra motor operations or pre-setting!



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turned back. To Paul, the problem seemed familiar—it was no tougher than soaring along the lee side of the Sierra Nevada back home, where he had once reached a dramatic 30,000 ft. (the record: 43,000 ft.). Patiently he tacked back and forth, working his way upward, riding air currents as buoyantly as a beach boy on a surfboard. Once over the crest, he slid easily downward to the French naval airfield at Hyères, just eleven miles east of Toulon. No other glider got close.

When the competition ended last week, Paul MacCready had 4,891 points. Far back, in second place, came Spain's Luis Vicente Juez Gomez. Though his teammate, William Ivans of San Diego, lay in the hospital with a broken pelvis, the result of a storm-caused crash on a flight to Saint-Auban, newly crowned International Champion MacCready took a horrified look at French motorists buzzing about him on the ground and insisted: "Soaring is safer than driving. You feel you're part of the air."

Scoreboard

¶ Outmanned, outgunned and outfought, a lame and lackluster collection of American League All-Stars took an embarrassing beating from their National League rivals in Washington's Griffith Stadium, 7-3. With a line-up heavily larded with Cincinnati Redlegs (five of the starting nine), superb pitching by Pittsburgh's Bob Friend and New York's Johnny Antonelli and some acrobatic fielding by St. Louis' Third Baseman Ken Boyer, the National Leaguers led all the way to win their sixth of the last seven games.

¶ After two bad seasons plagued by assorted arm ailments, the Boston Red Sox's aging (34) Southpaw Mel Parnell demonstrated that he is no longer on the way back but has arrived. Parnell stopped the White Sox 4-0, pitched the first American League no-hit game since Bobo Holloman and the St. Louis Browns beat the Philadelphia Athletics 6-0 in 1953.

¶ The two fastest four-year-old thoroughbreds in the U.S. spent a pleasant afternoon romping off with a total of \$178,200. At New Jersey's Monmouth race track, Veteran Trainer Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons had his millionaire charge Nashua running as if he needed the money, and the big bay won the Monmouth Handicap by 3½ lengths. In California's Hollywood Gold Cup at Hollywood Park, Jockey Willie Shoemaker eased up and still did not stop Rex Ellsworth's Swaps from winning and setting a track record (1:58½ for 1½ miles).

¶ Vastly surprised to find himself leading Wimbledon Champion Lew Hoad in the semi-finals of England's Midland Counties tennis championship, a 19-year-old Briton named Michael Davies was moved to try an ingenious bit of gamesmanship; he walked around the net to say that he was defaulting. Prevailed upon to change his mind, Davies went back to whip the startled Aussie, 6-3, 4-6, 6-4. After that Davies had nothing left. In the finals he lost to South Africa's Trevor Fancutt 7-5, 6-3, 6-4.

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1 Muddle teaspoon of sugar, splash of water in tall glass. Add juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, pack with cracked ice. Pour in $\frac{1\frac{1}{2}}$ oz. of smooth, bonded Old Forester, stir vigorously.

2 Drip $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of green creme de menthe. Notice how Old Forester's bouquet comes invitingly through, lightened by the minty coolness.

Cool off with
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3 Stir vigorously, garnish with maraschino cherries and lemon peel. Then enjoy the most refreshing high spot of a long, hot day!

THE PRESS

Freedom for Whom?

When public officials bar reporters from public hearings and records, editors and publishers are quick to defend freedom of the press. Last week, in New Mexico, it looked as if all publishers do not practice what they preach. For writing a story that offended members of the parole board, Reporter Dan Byrne of Sante Fe's daily *New Mexican* was ordered excluded from future board meetings. The decision was handed down by Acting Board Chairman Lincoln O'Brien, owner of four New Mexico dailies (but not the *New Mexican*) and president of the state press association.

The *New Mexican's* Editor Joe Lawler asked for O'Brien's resignation from the press association post. Scolded Lawler: "Your stated belief seems incompatible with the historic philosophy of the press association on freedom of information."

Hodge-Podge

Basil Walters, ruddy, snow-topped executive editor of the Knight newspaper chain, was chomping his cigar in his Chicago *Daily News* office one morning last May when a visiting politician handed him a king-size story to bite on. The politician's tip: Illinois State Auditor Orville E. (for Enoch) Hodge's office was in deep financial trouble. The tip was surprising, since Hodge, often mentioned as a Republican candidate for Illinois' governor in 1960, is a popular official who has created the impression that he has a private fortune to support his expensive tastes, e.g., monogrammed silk sheets, two private planes.

"Stuff" Walters, an oldtime reporter himself, passed the tip along to the *Daily News's* top exposé expert, Capital Cor-

respondent George Thiem (pronounced theme), told him to start digging. As Thiem, 59, began to turn up pay dirt, most other Chicago papers ignored his story. But by last week Thiem's digging had unearthed the biggest state scandal in years, spread it across Page One in Illinois papers from Waukegan to Cairo. Fearful that the scandal could rock Republican chances at the polls in November, Governor William Stratton last week ordered Auditor Hodge to 1) withdraw as a candidate for re-election, 2) double his surety bond (to \$100,000) within 20 days or be fired.

Unaudited Auditor. Reporter Thiem, a 1949 Pulitzer Prizewinner (with the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch's* Reporter Roy Harris) for his series exposing state payoffs to 51 downstate editors during Governor Dwight Green's administration (TIME, May 9, 1949), started out by delving into Auditor Hodge's payroll. Right off he found that the list was padded with a Hodge-podge of political bosses, cronies and relatives of the auditor, even included Hodge's personal airplane pilot as a \$25-a-month "clerk." Asked why Saline County's Democratic Chairman Harry Erton was on the auditor's payroll at \$600 a month, Republican Orville Hodge blandly explained: "I'm interested in getting votes, too."

Newsman Thiem soon discovered that the cost of running the auditor's office was so high that in May 1955 Hodge had been forced to ask the legislature for an emergency appropriation. Of \$1,450,000 in six key accounts that was supposed to last two years, only \$33,000 remained; in one account, a two-year budget of \$197,832 was down to \$8.33. Thiem also found that the auditor's office, which is required by law to check the books of all Illinois state departments, had not turned in an audit on its own books since Hodge took office in 1953.

"Unsuspecting Circumstances." Thiem reported that Hodge had charged the state \$5,267 for his suite in Springfield's St. Nicholas Hotel, used state funds to pay for maintenance of his own Beechcraft Bonanza and twin-engined monoplane. Hodge angrily barred newsmen from his records. But Thiem had forethoughtfully jotted down the numbers of some checks he had spotted in Hodge's office. From microfilm copies of the checks in the state treasurer's office, Thiem was able to track down the recipients. He reported that one \$9,000 check had been made out to Chicago Attorney Thomas H. Fitzgerald, though Fitzgerald protested that he had never seen the check, was owed no money by the state. Of 15 persons to whom Thiem traced checks totaling \$180,000, seven denied cashing the checks.

Most of the suspicious checks carried Hodge's facsimile signature; many had apparently been cashed fraudulently; e.g., Springfield Businessman Clarence J. Reuter pointed out that a \$10,385 auditor's check supposedly signed by him was in-



AUDITOR HODGE
A state-wide scandal.

correctly endorsed "J. C. Reuter." Moreover, said George P. Coutrakon, state's attorney for Sangamon County (county seat: Springfield), many of the checks in question had been cashed in "suspicious circumstances" at Chicago's Southmoor Bank & Trust Co., which, as a state bank, was under Auditor Hodge's jurisdiction.

Interior Decorators. The Southmoor Bank, Reporter Thiem disclosed, held a \$24,000, low-interest (3½%) mortgage on Hodge's \$25,000 lakefront Springfield home. The *News* also reported that some \$450,000 in checks from Hodge's office had been paid in two years to Fabric-Craft Sales Corp., a one-room Chicago interior decorating service headed by Mystery Man William Lydon, a policeman who was once indicted (and later acquitted) in the murder of a Chicago madam. Fabric-Craft and two other companies headed by Lydon listed two Hodge aides as officers: Chief Personnel Officer Lloyd Lane and Administrative Assistant Edward A. Epping. Epping, half owner of an accounting firm retained by the auditor's office, was accused by a Southmoor Bank attorney of cashing \$240,000 worth of suspicious checks.

Last week the FBI, T-men and state budgetary commission agents were all investigating Hodge's office. At week's end Edward A. Hintz, who was ordered to appear this week before grand juries in Chicago and Springfield, resigned as president of the Southmoor Bank. Altogether, said authorities, the phony checks may cost the state as much as \$1,000,000.

Rountree Revisited

For her new *Press Conference* program, Producer Martha (Meet the Press) Rountree dreamed up a new TV formula: a scoop a show. The first *Press Conference* was too successful. Editors across the U.S. lambasted both the show and U.S. Attorney General Herbert Brownell for using



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it to break news of an impending Justice Department antimonopoly suit against General Motors (TIME, July 16).

Last week, for the second Press Conference, Producer Rountree had planned to have Tennessee Governor Frank Clement. But since Clement had been chosen to keynote the Democratic National Convention (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), Democratic National Committee Chairman Paul Butler vetoed the Press Conference appearance for fear that Clement might tell TV viewers what most already knew: Clement supports Adlai Stevenson. Instead, Rountree was able to book Montana's Democratic Senator Mike Mansfield for the show. Mansfield's big news: he, too, is for Stevenson.

Though editors ignored her show this time, Producer Rountree had other troubles. In a letter to *Editor & Publisher*, she denied any "insistence" on her part that Press Conference guests have to come through with news breaks. Despite this assurance, the New York Times let it be known that staffers will be allowed to appear on Press Conference only if the featured guest is nonpolitical.

Mayor's Nest

The day after Daniel F. (for Francis) McDevitt took office as Democratic mayor of Reading, Pa. last January, he made a florid announcement: he was going to drive out the gamblers. He gave pinball-machine operators 24 hours to get rid of some 1,000 "multi-coin" machines (in which players can insert a number of nickels to boost payoff odds). But McDevitt's crusade was a resounding flop. After 19 days, in which three pinball distributors and two operators were arrested, he lifted the ban. His reason: the city (pop. 114,200) could not legally outlaw the machines. But Daniel McDevitt warned citizens nevertheless that Reading's 150-man force would maintain "sharp vigilance" to prevent gambling. Vowed the mayor: "We shall not permit the location of such devices near schools."

The politically independent Reading Times (circ. 36,911) found the sharp vigilance soon blunted. When newsmen last May found ten gambling machines within one block of three junior high schools, McDevitt said he would do his best to have them removed. But the Times reported that pinball machines were, if anything, more plentiful than ever. Fortnight ago, in his "Old Pete" column in the Times, City Editor Richard C. Peters, 36, reported: "The old mob openly and brazenly admits that it shelled out half a million in 'restoring' a situation to its liking. The mob admits that it has gotten back the half million."

Reading Jail. Next day T-men called City Editor Peters, confided plans to raid Reading's pinball-machine operators that afternoon for nonpayment of the \$250 federal gambling tax. The Times covered the raid, broke out its 96-point head type next morning to banner City Hall Reporter Charles H. Kessler's story on the seizure of 44 machines. Under a Page One picture of a raid on the Reading



CH'Yelch—Reading Times

REPORTER KESSLER

"Lock him up," said the mayor.

House tavern, the paper made a sharp note: the place had belonged to the mayor until his city hall job forced him to transfer ownership to a brother.

Danny McDevitt at first said that he found the raids "quite amusing." But he soon changed his mind. One afternoon last week, when mild-mannered Reporter Kessler checked in at Reading's grey old city hall, he found the second-floor press-room locked; the gold-and-black press-room lettering on the door had been scraped off. When Reporter Kessler called the news to City Editor Peters, a photographer was sent over to take a gag picture of Kessler sitting forlornly on city hall steps with a typewriter in his lap. As Kessler headed back into city hall, he was intercepted by McDevitt and Police Chief Bernard F. Richards. "Lock him up," said the mayor. The startled newsmen was booked for disorderly conduct and packed off to a cell. Kessler's fine, later appealed by the Times: \$50.

"Gestapo Methods." In a full-scale war on the Times and its sister paper, the evening Eagle, onetime Top Sergeant McDevitt, 39, had the press table removed from city council chambers, ordered police to trail news photographers, canceled newsmen's longtime immunity from parking tickets. McDevitt's police dogged Eagle-Times delivery trucks, handed their drivers 73 tickets in four days, before the mayor relented. McDevitt denied that "those federal technicalities," i.e., the raids, were to blame, said he merely wished to prove that he was no "docile doormat for smart-aleck reporters." Said Reporter Kessler: "It's a frightening, bitter feeling when Gestapo methods are used to jail an innocent person."



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President



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MUNAKATA'S "HAWK WOMAN"

ART



ARTIST MUNAKATA AT WORK



SEKINO'S "PUPPET & PUPPETEER"

Japanese Print Revival

Time was when Japan's cheap prints of almond-eyed prostitutes, grinning *kabuki* actors and brawling porters were as popular as penny dreadfuls, and treated with no more regard. Few Japanese mourned their passing when they fell early victims in Japan's Westernization drive, and it was left to European artists—Renoir, Monet, *et al.*—to recognize them as minor masterpieces of art. But today, spurred on by a growing group of artists who have revived the neglected art of print-making, *hanga* (block-print picture) art is beginning to bloom again. Most recent international recognition: a first prize at Venice's Biennale (TIME, July 9), awarded to the wild man of Japanese *hanga* artists, squat, myopic Shiko Munakata, 50, who also won a first prize in last year's São Paulo Biennial.

"I Love That!" Fellow artists like to say that "Munakata is *kamigakari*—obsessed with God," and at work Munakata vividly demonstrates why. Kneeling before his low work table with his broad rump in the air, he first squints nearsightedly at a *sumi* (black-ink) drawing he has pasted to a block of Judas-tree wood. Suddenly he seizes his chisel and, in a fury of motion, starts jabbing at the block, banging away with the mallet as the chips fly in all directions.

Sweat drenches his tousled black hair as he cleans the carved block, then splashes it with jet-black ink. Finally he selects a sheet of thin paper, carefully centers it on the block and begins pressing it with violent scrubbing motions. Cautiously peeling off the paper, he shouts: "*Horete Iru!*" (I love that!). Then bursts into croaking laughter.

Divinities & Nudes. Munakata and his fellow *hanga* artists take for their subjects anything from nudes to Buddhist divinities, treat them in styles ranging all the way from medieval prints to posterlike realism. And in one important respect modern Japanese artists break sharply with the old print masters. Instead of merely drawing the designs for woodcuts, then handing them over to craftsmen to carve

and print, Japanese printmakers today carry their *hanga* prints all the way through, from sketch to finished work. The result: a more expressive art form, bearing the stamp of individuality throughout the work.

Among prizewinner Munakata's leading fellow artists:

¶ Koshiro Onchi, who died last year at 64, pioneered in new techniques and materials, printing from wood blocks that incorporated anything from rubber heels and fish fins to leaves and string to get the textures he wanted.

¶ Kiyoshi Saito, 49 (TIME, Sept. 10, 1951), probably the biggest seller of the current wood-block artists, who earlier this year exhibited his work in a traveling U.S. show that went from Boston to San Francisco and Seattle. He frankly admits that he came to woodcuts through Gauguin, rocked Japanese art circles when the first São Paulo Biennial jury passed over Japan's painting entries to award a prize to Saito (for a woodcut) and Tetsuro Komai (for an etching).

¶ Jun'ichiro Sekino, 41, whose carefully worked-over prints are currently on dis-

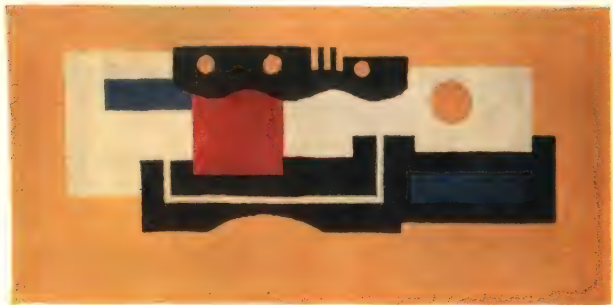
play at Chicago's Art Institute, also meets the West halfway. His admitted influences include Whistler ("I worshiped him as God") and Albrecht Dürer's engravings ("such fineness of style, such detail"). Sekino, who was born on the cold northern tip of Honshu, is largely self-taught. He has found his happiest subjects in his children and a favorite Japanese print theme, the Japanese actors and puppet players (*see cut*) that toured war plants to boost morale during World War II.

"Really Japanese." Shiko Munakata, himself currently having a one-man show at Tokyo's Matsuya department store, is riding the crest of his recent international awards. In the first four days alone he took orders for 30 prints at prices ranging from \$6-\$55 each. His success is proof that the modern printmakers are catching on at home as well as abroad. More than 300 artists are now working in the medium, and even Tokyo's Government Art Academy has begun teaching *hanga* again. Says Munakata: "The Japanese people are starting to look for something that's really Japanese, that's really a part of them."

PAINTINGS UNDERFOOT

WITH leading European artists already branching out into ceramics, stained glass and tapestries, it was only a question of time before their art would wind up on the floor. Last week Chicago's Art Institute was offering a look at that brightly decked future: 13 limited-edition (ten copies of each) rugs designed by such artists as Pablo Picasso, Joan Miró, Jean Lurçat, the late Fernand Léger and U.S. Mobile Sculptor Alexander Calder.

The artists' prompter in this case was Manhattan Gallery Owner Madeleine Chalette-Lejwa, who commissioned their sketches, had them woven by Provençal weavers. Her one predictable surprise: Picasso had thought up the idea before her, had already designed a rug (known as *Alençon*, for its type of weaving, but which he entitled *The Keyhole*) to decorate the floor of his villa at Cannes. Well pleased with the first results, Madeleine Chalette-Lejwa is sure the idea will catch on. Says she: "In the old days art had a much more functional character than it has today. Ceramics were placed on the table, and people ate out of plates and cups fashioned by artists. We decided to get prominent modern artists to design rugs which people could hang on the walls if they liked, or could actually put on the floor." The price for Léger's 7 ft. 7 in. by 3 ft. 9 in. *80* is \$700, for Miró's *Spanish Dancers* \$800; Picasso's thick-piled 6 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft. 9 in. contribution costs an even \$1,000.



LEGER'S "COMPOSITION #9" (1932)



PICASSO'S "ALENCON" (1964)

MIRO'S "SPANISH DANCERS" (1962)



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RADIO & TV

Sunday at 8 (Contd.)

When NBC's Steve Allen decisively beat CBS's Ed Sullivan a fortnight ago in the battle for TV's Sunday-at-8 audience (TIME, July 16), the burning question among television's hucksters was: Who had done it, Allen or his guest star, Elvis ("The Pelvis") Presley? Sullivan, in the unaccustomed position of runner-up, affected disdain for the Pelvis, snorted that he would not have the gyrating groaner "at any price" on his family-type program. "He is not my cup of tea," Sullivan said loftily.

But last week Allen, without Presley, was decisively beaten by Sullivan. The answer to the question was plain, and to no one plainer than to Ed Sullivan himself. Without batting an eye, Strategist Sullivan dropped his week-old scruples, signed the Pelvis for three appearances on his show at eight-week intervals, beginning in the fall. Sullivan will pay 21-year-old Presley the astronomical price of \$50,000, or close to \$17,000 per appearance—\$2,000 more than he could have had him for if he had made up his mind a week earlier.

Program Preview

For the week starting Thursday, July 19, Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Julius La Rosa Show (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC). Guests: Paul Winchell, Joni James.

Stage Show (Sat. 8:30 p.m., CBS). Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey and their orchestra, with Guests: Henny Youngman, Dick Haymes, Sister Rosetta Tharpe.

Steve Allen Show (Sun. 8 p.m., NBC). Guests: Judy Holliday, Count Basie, from Manhattan's Birdland.

The Alcoa Hour (Sun. 9 p.m., NBC). Sister, starring Vincent Price, Cathleen Nesbitt, Gladys Cooper.

Producers' Showcase (Mon. 8 p.m., NBC). *Rosolinda*, starring Cyril Ritchard, Jean Fenn, Lois Hunt.

Studio One Summer Theater (Mon. 10 p.m., CBS). *An Incident of Love*, starring Jack Lord, Lois Nettleton.

The Phil Silvers Show (Tues. 8 p.m., CBS). *The Rich Kid*.

Kraft Television Theater (Wed. 9 p.m., NBC). *Prairie Night*, by John Gay, starring Victor Jory.

RADIO

Conversation (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., NBC). *The Death of the Private Life*, discussed by Bennett Cerf, Jacques Barzun, Clifton Fadiman.

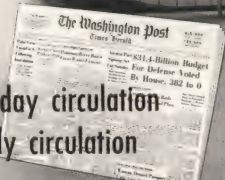
CBS Radio Workshop (Fri. 8:30 p.m., CBS). *Portrait of London*, painted orally by Sarah Churchill.

Berkshire Festival (Mon. 8:15 p.m., NBC). Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Biographies in Sound (Tues. 8:35 p.m., NBC). George Bernard Shaw.

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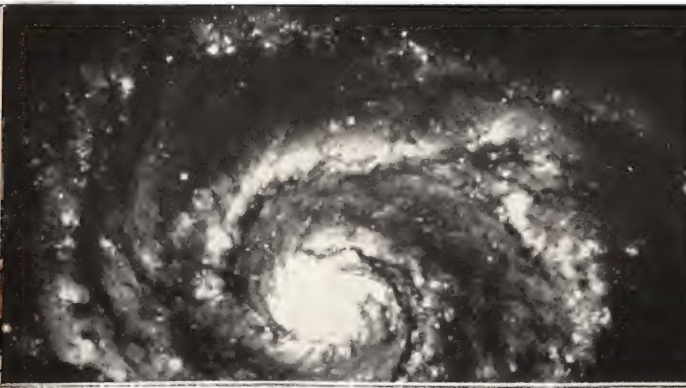
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WINGS FOR THE ATOM

Domesticating the atom to serve mankind has intrigued science for over a decade. One top priority application, secretly under way for several years at Lockheed: developing a nuclear-powered plane as different from present types as a supersonic jet is from the first stick-and-wire biplane.

IMAGINE A GIANT AIRCRAFT SOARING ALOFT, NOT WITH TONS OF GASOLINE, BUT WITH A URANIUM FUEL SUPPLY NO BIGGER THAN A HANDFUL OF GRAVEL. EVENTUALLY, SUCH A PLANE-OF-THE-FUTURE WITH THIS SCANT FUEL SUPPLY—WILL GIRDLE THE GLOBE NON-STOP BETWEEN SUNRISE AND SUNSET.

More than a dream, this incredible aircraft is now being developed by Lockheed for the U.S. Air Force despite problems of propulsion, structures and materials, thermodynamics, crew survival, productivity and maintenance unique in aviation.

Old concepts are being shelved, traditional solutions rejected. *The kind of aeronautical advances that once took a generation of research are now being telescoped into a few months, even weeks.*

Soon several hundred nuclear scientists and engineers from Lockheed's Georgia Division will move to the North Georgia mountain country. There on a vast site—some 40 miles from U.S. Air Force Plant No. 6 at Marietta, operated by Lockheed—will be built the nation's largest facility for the development of atomic-powered aircraft.

The exact status today of the atomic plane is still



a military secret. But this much can be said: The first nuclear aircraft to blaze across America's skies may not look essentially different from conventional planes, but functionally it can only be described as revolutionary. And after the nation's military requirements are met, the transports then available to you as a traveler will rank among the truly exciting events of aviation history.

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LOCKHEED'S NEWS COLUMN

Detection of Heart Disease—our nation's #1 killer—is being speeded with aid of Lockheed's battery of super-fast electronic brains that are correlating the studies sponsored by the Nash Cardiovascular Foundation. Ten minutes' work sandwiched between computations at the Missile Systems Division gives the cardiologist complete and accurate harmonic analysis of electrocardiograms that speed his vital research immeasurably...

Radiant heating, first time used in any airliner, will be one of the many new creature comforts of Lockheed's up-coming propjet Fletra. Heating wires in walls and ceilings work like electric blankets to give no-draft, no-hot-spot comfort...

Atomic plane concept on a recent cover of Newsweek was not based in any way on Lockheed's Georgia Division ANP (Aircraft Nuclear Power) Project. That plane will really surprise you...

25,000 Lockheed stockholders in every state of the union will learn in mid-August that sales reached approximately \$345 million for the first half of 1956. In a like period 20 years ago sales were less than one million...

Univac's newest cousin SI (for Scientific) will be the top quiz kid in the battery of analogue and digital brains at Lockheed's Missile Systems' Computer Center. SI, first Model 1103A Univac in use, "thinks" up to 100 times faster than other computers...

A nationally-known Los Angeles physician, after periods of intense nerve strain, goes to the airport, buys a round-trip ticket to New York on a Super Constellation, spends a quiet day at the Waldorf-Astoria, and comes back on the next flight. Says: "It relaxes me"...

Hercules C-130 performance data just released show that the USAF strong-man can haul 20 tons of cargo right on the contrails of a fast jet tactical force. 100 mph faster than present combat transports, Hercules climbs fully loaded to 2500 feet altitude in just one minute.

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

The Consumer Keeps Buying

After reading a Commerce Department survey of 35,000 stores, which showed that retail sales for June soared to a record \$16.6 billion, some 4% better than the June peak in 1955, a Commerce Department economist said: "The U.S. consumer is not afraid of anything."

The consumer is obviously not worrying about a slump. With more employment and fatter paychecks, consumers from coast to coast had money enough to pay off installment loans on what they had bought in 1955—and then buy still more. The sales increases were not all spectacular. Nor were they evident in every line or city. But they did show the overall pattern of slow, steady growth. Buyers in 1954 and 1955 had concentrated on hard goods—autos, furniture, refrigerators, etc.; now they are concentrating on clothes and small appliances, and spending more for food, entertainment and other nondurables.

While sales of air conditioners, big TV sets, etc., were down slightly in some areas, most department stores reported the best year ever. For Seattle's Frederick & Nelson department store, June was the best month in its 66-year history: starting in April, small-appliance sales climbed 69% over 1955, jumped another 22% in May and still more in June. After a cold, wet spring, Dallas, Chicago and Boston stores found a summer fillip in June's warm weather and clear skies, were even starting to move such heavy appliances as fans, air conditioners and power lawn mowers. Denver's steady population growth kept both soft and hard goods at boom levels, while in the Southeast dis-

count houses were invading traditional department-store markets, forcing prices down and sales up all around. Though established stores moaned that they lost money on big appliances, Atlanta's Rich's department store noted that July sales were about 10% higher than June and generally ahead of last year. Estimates were that total retail business in the Southeast was 6% to 7% better than in 1955. Much of the buying was on credit, but few bankers worried; repayments were strong and repossessions low.

As the steel strike lagged into its third week (see below), the pinch was starting to hurt retailers in some steelmaking areas, though many were trying to bolster sales with generous credit terms (see cut). The Federal Reserve Board reported that department-store sales for the week were down 1% in the Chicago area, down 6% in Pittsburgh. But it will still be some time before sales are badly hurt. One of the most notable things of 1956 so far is the way Detroit merchants keep on selling in the face of heavy auto layoffs totaling 280,000 Michigan workers. While sales usually dip with the employment curves, FRB reports overall retail business in the Detroit-Cleveland area was up 5% for the year.

Fast Second Lap

As second-quarter earnings statements came out last week, there was ample evidence that profits were still on the increase despite a leveling off in business.

The second-quarter profit of giant American Telephone & Telegraph rose to \$152,700,000 from \$134,400,000 in 1955. Some other spectacular increases:

International Business Machines tallied record profits of \$31,868,620 for the first

half, up one-third from last year's \$23,870,000.

El Lilly's first-half net rose from last year's \$6,800,000 to \$16.6 million.

Reylon's first-half profits of \$3,700,000 were more than for all 1955.

The first steel producer to report was Lukens Steel Co., which more than trebled earnings for the first half to \$3,542,133, or \$11.14 per share v. \$2.67 for the like period last year. Most of the profits, said President Charles Huston Jr., came in the second quarter. He attributed the rise to more efficient use of new equipment, a cost-improvement program, the decline in scrap prices, and the rise in sales of steel specialties and carbon plates.

A clue that toolmakers had recovered from a mediocre 1955 came from Cincinnati Milling Machine Co., the industry's largest company. It bettered last year's second quarter by 177%, earning \$2,264,680. In food processing, Libby, McNeill & Libby earned \$8,037,971 in this fiscal year v. \$5,433,402 the last. In distilling, both Hiram Walker and Brown-Forman reported profits up more than 10%.

Will profits stay up? Dun & Bradstreet asked the question of 1,499 manufacturing executives, retailers and wholesalers. Their answers displayed overwhelming confidence. All but 8% predicted that, barring a lengthy steel strike, profits will remain as high, or rise even higher, in the fourth quarter of 1956.

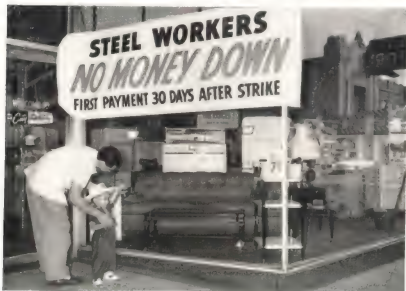
LABOR

Into the Third Week

Steelworker Chief David McDonald bounced into a Washington cocktail party one afternoon last week in an angry mood. He told listeners that the steel companies had welcomed the strike of the 650,000 steelworkers as a chance to work off heavy steel inventories, and concluded: "If that's the kind of game they're going to play, I think I'll keep the men out after the inventories are exhausted."

If McDonald kept his impetuous threat, the strike might last another month, possibly longer. Last week *Steel* magazine reported that most companies had at least a 30-day inventory on hand, with Detroit, the biggest user, holding enough steel to complete the 1956-model run and make a slight start in 1957. So far, most of the steel-using industries seemed to be feeling little pain. Steel warehousemen jacked their prices \$5 to \$12 a ton but reported no appreciable run on stocks.

Here and there, however, the strike was hurting. Some 40,000 soft-coal miners, returning to work in steel industry mines after a twelve-day industry vacation, were furloughed; with haulage revenues off as much as 75% in some instances, railroads slashed their work force heavily. The Pennsylvania not only laid off 18,000 men but cut nonunion wages 10% from the president on down. Rail-equipment makers began slowing down, with Westing-



SALESMANSHIP IN CHICAGO
Buyers are not afraid of anything.

United Press

TIME CLOCK

house Air Brake and Pullman-Standard scheduling layoffs. Builders and oil companies, which had been fighting for steel even when the mills were operating, began cutting production schedules. Dallas' Magnolia Petroleum planned to slash drilling starts 75% in the next few weeks.

Toward week's end, prodded by Federal Mediator Joseph Finnegan, the two sides met in the same room for the first time in twelve days since the strike started, emerged after two hours with no signs of progress. McDonald announced he would no longer pose for pictures* with management representatives. Said he: "I don't want anybody to get false illusions."

AVIATION

Capital Buys

Capital Airlines' President J. H. ("Slim") Carmichael flew into London to make a deal that revved up the British aircraft industry's sorely tried pride. Last week he ordered 15 more Vickers Viscount turboprop airliners (for \$18 million), giving him a total order of 75, of which he has already received 20, all now in service on Capital's routes. Said Carmichael: "There has never been an airplane that has operated with greater dependability than the Viscount. The public likes Viscounts and we like them."

Capital bought the Viscounts in 1954 because it had to have planes that could match the big, swift DC-68 and DC-78 of its rivals on the crowded New York-Washington-Chicago routes. Yet because it has few long, nonstop hauls, Capital could not operate big planes as economically as other lines. The medium-range Viscount seemed to be the answer, although, as the first foreign-made plane to fly in U.S. airlines, there was a question how it would stand up.

As it turned out, 44-passenger, 335-m.p.h. Viscounts were a hit from the start. With big picture windows, less noise and vibration than piston-engined planes, the Viscounts operated up to 85% of full load for the first few months, have averaged 70% in their first full year, an average 64% load factor for the rest of the industry. Replacing Lockheed Constellations with Viscounts on the Chicago-Washington run, Capital tripled its business, carried 33,802 passengers from February through May 1956 v. 11,322 passengers during the same period of 1955. Traffic on the New York-Pittsburgh run was up 74%; Chicago-Pittsburgh was up 90%; Chicago-Cleveland was up 124%.

Figuring all costs, says President Carmichael, Capital's Viscounts had a break-even load factor of 56.8%, almost 10% better than its piston-engined Constella-

ATLAS GUIDED MISSILE, first U.S. intercontinental ballistic missile, will be produced in new plant under construction by Convair at San Diego. To cost \$40 million, plant will be ready in 1957.

MORE ANTITRUST SUITS loom against automakers. After slapping General Motors bus division with monopoly suit, Justice Department is pushing investigation of G.M.'s 55% share of U.S. auto market. Another possible suit: against Ford, charging that it violates antitrust laws by forcing dealers to sell quotas of parts and accessories.

FIRST PRIVATE LOAN for European Coal and Steel Community from U.S. bankers is coming. Six-nation group set up in 1952 to provide single production and selling group for coal and steel has asked three big U.S. investment houses (Kuhn, Loeb; First Boston; Lazard Frères) to help plan multimillion loan to modernize coal mines, coking plants, etc. Previously, Community borrowed \$100 million from U.S. Export-Import Bank.

HAPPY JACK URANIUM MINE, one of richest in Colorado Plateau, has been bought by Texas-Zinc Mineral Corp., uranium subsidiary of Texas Co. and New Jersey Zinc. Fletcher Bronson and family originally bought mine for \$1,000 as copper prospect in 1946, once turned down \$15 million for it. Texas-Zinc is mum on purchase price, but has already started building processing mill at Mexican Hat to handle ore from Happy Jack and other southeastern Utah mines.

FIRST STEEL TO RUSSIA since 1947 has been approved by Commerce Department. Shipment will total 7,800 short (2,000 lbs.) tons of nonstrategic sheet steel valued at \$1,100,000. Reds say they will use steel to make autos.

NORTHWEST POWER partnership will get big boost this fall with start of \$200 million Rocky

Reach Dam on Columbia River. Last obstacle was removed when Puget Sound Power & Light Co. agreed to sell its share of another Columbia River plant to Chelan County Public Utility District in return for half of power from new Rocky Reach Dam. PFC has given Chelan County PUD license to start building 630,000-kw. project as soon as possible.

EMPLOYEE BANK ACCOUNTS is latest version of Guaranteed Annual Wage. State of Ohio has approved plan by Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co. to contribute between 3¢ and 5¢ per hour to individual bank accounts for each worker; money cannot be withdrawn unless worker is laid off. Ohio businessmen go along with plan, but unions so far have said nothing.

LOWER LIQUOR PRICES for hotel room service are kicking up flurry in Manhattan. By chopping prices for Scotch from \$12 to \$7 a bottle, bourbon from \$12.50 to \$7.50, Hotel Roosevelt boosted June room-service bottle sales 273%, dollar volume 143%. Other hotels, where prices for Scotch, etc. range as high as \$13.50, protest price-cutting, say that they cannot afford lower prices.

LONG-DISTANCE TRAINS will be all but extinct in two decades, says Donald J. Russell, president of Southern Pacific Co., second longest (12,435 miles operated in 1955) U.S. railroad. Reason, says Russell, who also predicts end of Pullman cars, is jet airliners, which will soon be capable of 1,000 m.p.h. speed.

NUCLEAR RESEARCH by public utility combines will get a green light from Securities and Exchange Commission. Though SEC normally forbids banding together, under 1935 Public Utility Holding Company Act, it will permit utilities to pool resources in combines to experiment with the operation of atomic generating plants "not for profit."

tions. Total operating costs are \$1.57 per mile v. \$2.16 for the Connies. But the initial costs of getting the new Viscounts into service actually cost Capital a \$1,300,000 deficit in 1956's first quarter, will probably hold down profits this year, even though operating revenues were up to \$11.9 million for an overall 13% jump over 1955.

Dirty Fight

Attended by an array of Senators, Representatives and high-priced legal eagles, seven U.S. airlines appeared before the Civil Aeronautics Board last week and proceeded to kneel, butt and gouge each other like dead-end kids battling for a prize. They were in fact battling for a prize, the New York-to-Miami run, estimated to be worth up to \$5.5 million

annually to the line that gets it. The run has long been the possession of Eastern and National. Last April, a CAB examiner recommended that in the "public interest" a third carrier (he recommended Delta) be added. There is no doubt that a third carrier is badly needed; even in the off-season, as at present, travelers must often wait two or three days to get seats.

Last week, as CAB opened hearings on the recommendation, platoons of politicians pleaded with the CAB for the line that had promised most to the local folk. Maine's Senator Frederick Payne, representing the dozen New England Senators, spoke for his area's Northeast Airlines; New York championed Pan American World Airways; so did Maryland's Senator J. Glenn Beall, since Pan Am has promised to revive Baltimore's Friendship

* He also banned pictures showing him smoking a pipe. A "down-East" organization had written accusing him, he said, of being "a tool of the tobacco industry" and "demoralizing the youth of the nation." Said McDonald: "This pains me greatly."

ARBITRATION

A Way to Ease Labor-Management Strife

THE two-week-old steel strike has brought the question from some laymen: Why not arbitrate? Instead of settling the dispute by force, let industry and union turn the dispute over to an expert, impartial arbitrator who would make a binding decision on the basis of facts.

While such a solution sounds reasonable, most arbitration experts flatly say that it makes little sense. Arbitration is an aid to collective bargaining, not a substitute for it. As Houston Transit Co. President Carl Frazier puts it: "You simply cannot, in effect, turn over the authority for managing the company to a third party who may not be nearly as familiar with the company's problems as you are." Once an agreement is signed, however, arbitration may come into its rightful role, interpreting the fine print, settling the petty grievances that might otherwise erupt into strikes.

As a result, arbitration has grown into one of the most useful lubricants in the U.S. economy, not only facilitating industrial settlements but easing all sorts of disagreements between businessmen. With contracts increasing in number and complexity, and courtrooms increasingly jammed with work, arbitration has become a practical necessity. Not a new idea (the Romans wrote it into the Justinian Code; arbitration got its big impetus in World War II, when the Government, plagued by quickie strikes, insisted on labor-arbitration clauses in all defense-production contracts. Today nine out of ten union agreements provide for arbitration, and hundreds of thousands of organizations and corporations have arbitration clauses in their contracts. Calls for arbitrators from major arbitration sources have increased 13% in the past year alone.

The great fountainhead of arbitration is the nonprofit American Arbitration Association, founded 30 years ago with the help of Charles Evans Hughes, Herbert Hoover and Banker Felix Warburg. With a \$500,000 budget, mostly contributed by large corporations, plus modest fees (\$25 per day in labor cases, from one-tenth of 1% to 1.5% of the disputed amount in commercial cases), dedicated A.A.A.s handle about 2,500 disputes a year, 80% of them labor cases, boast that never has an aggrieved party walked out of the hearing room.

As soon as two disputants agree to arbitrate, the A.A.A. sends each a list of experts selected from its 13,000-man master panel, ascertains the man most acceptable to both sides, then

sets the hearing. Average elapsed time from appeal to award: 70 days (two hours in one emergency) v. two to three years for a final court decision. A fur dispute that had dragged on for six weeks in a New York court and cost \$9,000 in litigation fees ended up with a hung jury. Brought to the A.A.A., it was settled in five days. Cost: \$507. Arbitration can also be expensive. Settling the cases of 226 workers discharged for "misconduct" during the 1955 Southern Bell Telephone strike cost an estimated \$3,000,000.

One of the greatest advantages of an A.A.A. hearing over a court session is the expertise of the arbitrator. Unlike a judge, who might have to spend weeks acquainting himself with the technical points of an industry, the arbitrator, usually a topnotch man in the field, needs no such briefing, can start right in with the facts in dispute.

Arbitration is elastic. In a case where a Washingtonian charged a builder with 40 violations of a construction contract, the three-man panel of builders went out to the house, climbed over it, matter-of-factly ruled on all 40 complaints.

Sessions are private, informal, with none of the often incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial uproar of learned counsel. The arbitrator will listen to any evidence of any value whatever, including hearsay, which might be barred in a law court. Yet arbitration decisions have as much legal force in the 48 states as court decisions. To upset an award it is necessary to prove the arbitrator guilty of fraud, bias, or exceeding his authority; of the 6% of awards thus challenged, fewer than 1% have been reversed.

But even the most fervent supporters of arbitration are well aware that it is not always feasible. Where facts are so tangled that they cannot easily be interpreted, or in intricate cases involving law or public policy, there is no substitute for the courts. The worst thing that could happen to check the spread of arbitration would be to try to apply it where it is not applicable, e.g., the steel strike. Furthermore, to make labor arbitration compulsory, which some businessmen clamor for, would be to give it the kiss of death. When arbitration was made compulsory in Kansas in the '20s, it flopped; both unions and management fought the law until it was held unconstitutional by the U.S. Supreme Court. But on a voluntary basis, arbitration has been welcomed by both sides as the best way of easing industry's strains and settling many of its problems.

International Airport, if certified. Florida's ex-Governor Fuller Warren "begged for five minutes," spoke ten, predicted that "hundreds of Eastern's Miami employees" would be out of work if a new carrier was added to the route. He gestured feebly at two rows filled with silent, blue-shirted Eastern employees, who had come up to the hearings on their own hook (according to the pressagents) to protect their jobs.

Next the attorneys took over, but instead of the usual amenities, threats and accusations filled the air. Pan American's Henry Friendly accused Eastern and National of making "exorbitant profits" by supplying "inadequate service," argued that Pan Am's own subsidy could be cut \$8,000,000 if it got the route. Eastern and National charged Pan Am with carrying on a "tremendous lobbying campaign," using its officers, from President Juan Trippe on down, to pressure Government officials into making "informal and off-the-record" approaches to the CAB on Pan Am's behalf. They denounced Pan Am's "misrepresentations" to Baltimore and Boston about what it would do for those cities if it got the route, insisted that Pan Am has no equipment "immediately available" for the Boston-Miami run. Turning on Northeast, National and Eastern alleged that it is improperly controlled by Howard Hughes, chief stockholder of TWA, through his 11% interest in the Atlas Corp., owner of Northeast. (Hughes fired off a statement denying the implications of the charge without denying the facts: "I own stock of Atlas Corp. as an investor, but I have no desire to take part in the management.")

By week's end it seemed probable that a third carrier would be certified to the New York-Miami run, but who it might be was more than ever obscured by the mud.

BUILDING

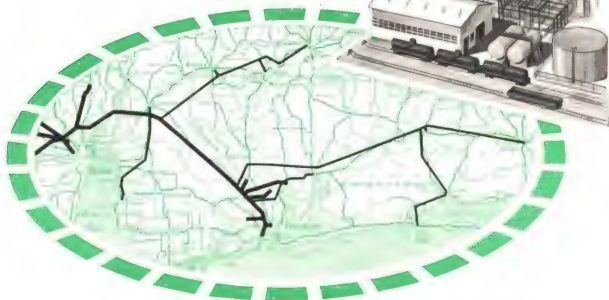
The Concrete Curtain

When Earl ("Flattop") Smith was president of the National Association of Home Builders last autumn, he invited ten top Russian housing administrators for a 30-day tour of 13 U.S. cities. Returning the compliment this summer, the Russians conducted San Francisco's Smith and 17 other American building experts on a Red-carpeted, 30-day junket through Soviet cities, gave them the best look at Soviet building that any U.S. group has ever had. Back in London last week the builders reported that Soviet construction moves at an impressively frantic pace, but that the workmanship is shoddy, the hand tools often primitive, the materials frequently second-rate.

The Americans also held out words of praise. They thought Stalingrad "beautiful" and Leningrad "magnificent." Said Smith: "They've done a great restoration job. They've broadened streets, widened promenades, built parks and planted plenty of trees."

Industry First. The visitors found that the biggest shortcoming in Soviet building is its overbalance. Top priority tradition-

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ally has gone to industrial construction, with badly needed housing a poor second. The Russians have leaned heavily on prefabricated building sections to offset the shortage of skilled labor, hoist them into place with eight- to ten-story-high cranes. Cracked one delegation member: "Anyone who calls it the Iron Curtain is outdated. It's the Concrete Curtain. Brother, do they pour concrete!"

In each giant new residential section, the builders saw highest priority awarded to cultural centers "verging on temples." But the quality of workmanship in the residential centers was sloppy. Reported Smith: "Finishings and exteriors are done very badly. Parts slip off, and plastic or ceramic facings just don't want to stay in place. This creates a maintenance problem for which the Russians aren't prepared." Materials also looked bad, by American standards. "Paint rubs off easily, so we never walked close to walls. Water pipes get rusty, and wires are too narrow-gauge to light more than a 40-watt bulb."

Transport is spotty, and bricks arrive at building sites battered and bruised, soon fall to pieces. Indoors, the Russians put in hardwood floors while construction is still under way; by the time work is finished, floors are gouged and pitted. But Smith tempered his criticism with the reminder that "it's unfair to relate their standards to our standards. The Russians are intelligent people with an insuperable housing shortage. There's been a tremendous raising of standard of housing. They want to learn how to do better."

Labor Lost. Everywhere, the Russians solicited advice from the visitors, carefully noted their suggestions. So acute is the shortage of labor and hand tools that in one steel mill the Americans saw women carrying heavy materials on a pallet instead of a wheelbarrow. Smith said he told them: "If you were to take the steel from a single giant crane and use it to turn out good wheelbarrows, picks and trowels and then teach people how to use them, it would help you very much."

The Russians have already put to use some of the lessons learned from the West. In Moscow the housing men saw two model apartments that included such revolutionary (for Russia) features as kitchens with cabinets, wardrobe closets, modern bathrooms. Concluded Smith: "The Russians want to learn. They've asked for help. I can see nothing wrong in helping them. A well-housed people aren't likely to be led into war. The more of them that know us, the more of us that know them, the less chance of war."

BUSINESS ABROAD

Rice from Outback

To most Australians, "humpty doo" means "all right, everything is O.K." But to the hardy residents of tiny Humpty Doo in Australia's Northern Territory, the term is a wry joke. Humpty Doo lies in a waste of desert and jungle twice the size of Texas—the territorial "Outback" below Darwin. It is a land of crocodiles and kangaroos, of torrential, 60-in. rain-

fall half the year and bone-dry drought the rest. Last week Humpty Doo held promise of living up to its name. After three years of study, a group of U.S. businessmen headed by Los Angeles Industrialist Allen Chase had formed Territory Rice Ltd., planned to spend at least \$90 million turning the Outback into one of the world's biggest rice-producing areas. Their goal: production of 625,000 tons of rice annually, nearly one-half of 1% of the total world supply.

Dams & Markets. Chase and Territory Rice signed a 30-year deal with the Australian government to develop 500,000 acres of the Outback's alluvial plains into a settled and prosperous farming area. Within five years, the company must



Trust Map by J. Donovan

choose its acreage, within another ten years prepare the land, build a complex of dams, irrigation ditches, etc., and bring in the first crops. After that, it must sell the developed land to settlers, who will farm it while Territory Rice acts as agent for the rice crop, mills and ships it to markets. With only a token 25¢-per-acre maximum rental, Chase estimates that Territory Rice will be able to deliver rice to Asian markets from Malaysia to Japan for as little as 2¢ per lb. v. current world prices of 5¢ to 7¢.

To hardheaded businessmen, Territory Rice's plans might sound overoptimistic. U.S. rice men call the 2¢ per lb. figure "unrealistic," strongly doubt that Chase can grow, mill and ship rice for anything like that price, also point out that there is no world rice shortage; many rice-exporting nations have actually had surpluses since 1954. Nevertheless, Chase & Co. are convinced that there is an enormous, untapped market for rice in such lands as India, Ceylon, Malaysia, Borneo, Indonesia, Japan, even China. While there may be a technical surplus, shipping costs

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TERRITORY RICE'S CHASE
A big to-do in Humpty Doo.

from many exporting nations are so high that millions of consumers all over Asia cannot afford all the rice they need and should have. Thus, by growing rice in Australia, close to the markets, Chase hopes to chop shipping costs to a fraction of what it costs the U.S., for example, to ship rice to Japan.

Hollywood to Australia. Allen Chase, 43, is a hardheaded businessman in his own right who has been looking for a way to get into big-time farming for years. Starting with a small machine shop (aircraft parts), he netted millions in World War II, spread out to real estate, and split his time between cooking big deals and entertaining Hollywood friends in his \$150,000 Bel-Air mansion. First Chase thought of growing rice in Brazil, then Mexico. Finally, in 1953, he heard about Australian government experiments with rice cultivation in the Outback. It sounded so good that Chase went to Australia for a look, came back and set up a syndicate with friends (among them: Signal Oil's Samuel B. Mosher, TV Star Art Linkletter, American President Lines Chairman Ralph Davies) to run a \$40,000 survey. By 1954 the report was in: the monsoon floods could be controlled to provide the right amount of water for rice cultivation, the land is so level and rich (eleven ft. of topsoil in some spots) that it could be prepared for as little as \$100 per acre, while four deep-running rivers in the area provide inexpensive transportation to the seacoast.

When another \$225,000 investment proved that rice yields of 2,460 lbs. per acre of milled rice (v. 1,935 lbs. for U.S. fields) were possible, Territory Rice decided to drive ahead full speed. With help from Australia's Manguard Investment Co., which has a 25% interest in the company, Territory Rice floated a sizable

stock issue, got enough capital to plant 2,000 acres of rice this year, another 20,000 acres in 1957. Thereafter, it expects to move through the plains at the rate of 100,000 acres annually. As each new section is opened up, the company will sell off land to settlers in 500-acre lots, hopes to have it all sold by 1963. But the deal does not end there. As agent, Territory Rice will provide the farmers with heavy tractors, planes to air-seed their paddy-fields, barges to carry the crop to mills. By 1959 it will have the first of five mills for the area, while Utah Construction Co. is already drawing up plans for the complex of dikes, dams, irrigation ditches and catch basins.

No one knows whether the project will live up to Territory Rice's high hopes. The climate, world rice prices, and the problem of payments from importing nations are among the question marks. But Allen Chase and his backers are confident that they have a good thing in the Outback. Says Chase: "This is exactly like the Nile Valley, only it is twice as good."

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

New Train. Philadelphia's Budd Co. unveiled its answer to other lightweight trains. The new stainless-steel Budd passenger car, the Pioneer III, scales 52,300 lbs., or 595 lbs. for each of its 88 seats. In mass production the Pioneer will cost about \$95,000—just above the trainman's dream of \$1,000 per head, vastly lower than the conventional car figure of \$3,800. Budd cut weight with simplified hollow-axle rail truck and wide use of plastics for seats, walls, baggage racks, ceilings, washroom appliances. The company estimates that Pioneer's maintenance costs will be less than 60% of the upkeep for a standard 80-passenger, 65-ton car. One reason: it can be washed inside and out with a fire hose. Budd has run the car 5,000 miles in tests, will ride it 45,000 more before taking orders.

Clean Ribbon. Royal Typewriter Co. is bringing out a new portable on which the ribbon can be changed without dirtying hands. Two spools of ribbon, each in a separate plastic case, are slipped onto the carriage, and dropped into open ribbon slots. First stroke of a key automatically locks the ribbon in place.

Brighter Lamp. A fluorescent lamp that provides 2½ times as much light as models now in use will be put on sale by Sylvania Electric Products Inc. The VHO (Very High Output) lamp comes in 100-watt, 4-ft., and 200-watt, 8-ft. models.

Prefab Synagogues. The Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations of America and United States Steel Homes, Inc. have joined in a project to build, furnish and arrange financing for prefabricated synagogues, day schools and community centers now needed as a result of the exodus to the suburbs. U.S. Steel, which also markets prefab churches, branch banks and homes, says a 325-seat synagogue can be erected within four days for \$32,000.

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EDUCATION

Hardheaded Boss

As the richest (\$2.5 billion) philanthropic organization in the world, the Ford Foundation supports hundreds of projects and some have raised storms of controversy. Last week one autonomous subsidiary, the Fund for the Republic, was locked in battle with a congressional committee because of its wobbly approach to the problem of Communism (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS). Ignoring its offspring's noisy troubles, the foundation quietly beefed up its command, picked a new president to succeed able Lawyer H. Rowan Gaither Jr., who continues only as the foundation's board chairman. The foundation's new boss: Henry Townley Heald, president of New York University.

At 51, Henry Heald has long been known in academic circles as an unobtrusive worker of wonders. In 1937 he took over Chicago's dying (400 students) Armour Institute of Technology, merged it with the Lewis Institute, transformed the two schools into the flourishing Illinois Institute of Technology. Enrollments soared to 7,000, and the campus grew from seven acres to 85. In 1951 Heald moved to N.Y.U., the largest (37,064 students) private university in the U.S., proved that he could make even the biggest grow. He put up a new medical science building, a student center, a residence hall, a military science center, has three additional buildings under construction.

Quiet, lanky Henry Heald, a hardheaded defender of academic freedom, has consistently refused to join the furious academic fusillade aimed at congressional investigators; he declared in 1953 that "it is just as inappropriate to issue blanket condemnation of investigating committees as it is for the members of such commit-



FORD FOUNDATION'S HEALD
Not by furious fusillades.

tees to make irresponsible charges against individuals or institutions." Heald disagrees basically with the stand taken by such educators as the Fund for the Republic's Robert Hutchins, who once declared that he would not necessarily fire a Communist professor unless he were incompetent and indoctrinating his classes.

"It has been clearly demonstrated," said Heald, "that a member of the Communist Party is not a free agent, intellectually or politically. He cannot claim academic freedom because he has forsaken the principles of academic freedom."

When N.Y.U. Associate Professor of

English Edwin Burgum not only refused to answer questions on his alleged party membership before a Senate subcommittee but also refused to talk to a committee of his own colleagues, Heald suspended him as "unfit to continue in a position of educational trust."

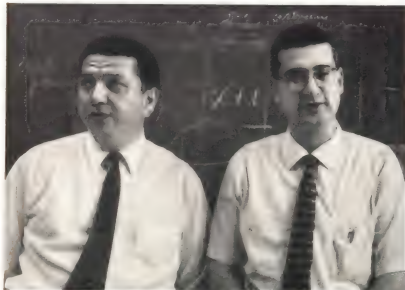
Veteran Fund Raiser Heald will preside over the distribution of funds which have totaled more than \$300 million since 1950. One of his earliest and most pleasant tasks: disbursement of the \$260 million bonanza, deriving from last year's sale of Ford Motor Co. stock, to all accredited private colleges and universities—including \$5,000,000 to N.Y.U.

Math & Ticktacktoe

The more he observed the goings-on in the Illinois high-school math class, the more uncomfortable the young mathematician became. At one point the teacher took up a "story" problem which involved two equations with two unknowns ($10x + 50y = 320$ and $x + 2y = 9$). One boy ingeniously found a way to solve the problem with only one unknown, $x + 5(x + 2) = 32$. But the teacher did not congratulate him; she told him he was "wrong" and sent him back to his seat. To Mathematician David Page, 31, of the University of Illinois' College of Education, this was just one more example of why high-school math is in the plight it is. "Mathematics," says he, "is normally regarded by teachers as a subject with cut and dried rules of procedure. The theory is that the teacher simply passes on the rules, and the kids absorb them without question." The result: math has become the subject most likely to be shunned by today's high-school student (TIME, June 18).

Since 1951 the University of Illinois has had a team working on a way to change all that. The project was launched when university authorities found engineering applicants were consistently ill-equipped mathematically, wasted months in learning basic math skills they should have learned in high school. It assigned young (then 26) Mathematician Max Beberman of the University's College of Education to show the high schools how to step up their math instruction. Beberman, later joined by Page, decided the trouble lay in the whole approach to math teaching. He junked old methods, drew up a new curriculum, now has five Midwest high schools trying his theories on college-bound students. Many mathematicians regard Beberman's new method as the most important reform in nearly a century, and the Carnegie Corporation has voted a \$277,000 grant to expand and test it.

How Old Is John? As Beberman and Page see it, high-school math has sunk to its present state because students learn their theorems and formulas for an array of algebra problems ("If John is twice as old as Jane was four years ago . . ."), but never find out what makes the mathematician's brain work. In the hope of making arithmetic lively, some teachers insist on making each problem functional, as if there were nothing more to the subject than how to add up a grocery bill or



MATHEMATICIANS BEBERMAN & PAGE
According to the Johnny Jones Law.

Arthur Siegel

compute compound interest. Such teachers completely misunderstand the adolescent, says Beberman. "The adolescent is the purest intellectual in our society. He doesn't have to be concerned with practical problems." The question that concerns him most is "Why?"

To a large extent, Beberman and Page have cast aside the traditional tags (algebra, geometry, trigonometry, etc.) that tend to make math seem a series of separate and unattached compartments. "Frequently," says Beberman, "our students do not know whether they are doing geometry or algebra at any given point." But the basic intent is to reveal math as a "creative process in which we want our students to participate." Instead of telling students how to solve equations, "we just explain to them what the root of an equation is and then give them 30 pages of problems and tell them to go ahead and solve them any way they can—until they get in too far over their heads."

"For Every y and x ..." In freshman year high-school students are exposed to the philosophy behind variables, answer such questions as: For every y and x , if the cost of a book is $2y-3$ dollars, then the total cost of $7x$ such books is _____ dollars. The next year students find themselves confronted with:

"If two sets are disjoint, and one set has three elements and another set has five elements, then how many elements does the intersection of the two sets have? A) 0, B) 2, C) 3, D) 5, E) 15." (Answer: 0.)

In the third year students take up complex numbers, polynomial calculus and more analytic geometry. Teachers are expected to lead their classes as far as they will explore. "If you dare," says a first-year teachers' manual at one point, "you can ask for a formula for finding the area of a triangle none of whose sides is necessarily parallel to either coordinate axis, that is, for every a, b, c, d, e , and f , the area of the triangle whose vertices are the graphs of (a,b) , (c,d) , and (e,f) ."

What Is Zero? To emphasize the creative nature of math, students are encouraged to make up laws, theorems and symbols of their own. Thus a class might find itself with a Johnny Jones Law or using the symbol a , which one student invented to mean "approximately equal to." Students argue over abstractions ("talk about zero—is it a number or isn't it?"), and one class was even asked to write a mathematical description of ticktacktoe.*

The real obstacle to progress, admit

* The most impressive description: "The name is won by setting your symbols in one of eight groups of three. These must be chosen so that one space is part of four such groups; four spaces are part of three such groups, and each of four belongs to two such groups. I will call the first one 4, the next set 3, and the next set 2. The eight winning combinations must include four 3-2-3s, two 3-4-3s and two 2-4-2s. In the 3-2-3s no 2 occurs twice and each 3 occurs twice and only twice. In the 2-4-2s no 2 may occur twice, and in the 3-2-3s with the 2s on the 2-4-2 in it no 3 may occur twice. And in the 3-4-3s no 3 may occur twice, and in the 3-2-3s with the 2s on the 2-4-2 no one of those can contain both 3s."

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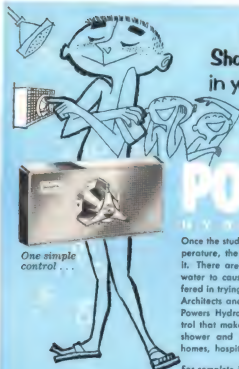


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By a Subscriber

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I said to myself, "Which came first, the hen or the egg? Do they read The Journal because they have more money, or do they have more money because they read The Journal?"

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Beberman and Page, is not so much the nation's students as the shortage of teachers who know enough to answer the question "Why?" Nevertheless, says Beberman optimistically, "if we can get even half the schools in the nation into the program, that'll be a pretty valuable life's work."

The Teacher & TV

Watching professors struggle with bigger and bigger classes as enrollments inexorably swell, many a college president has eyed TV with a seemingly simple solution in mind: Why not put the professors on television and pipe it to several classrooms? Last week, in London's *Sunday Times*, Oxford Graduate Geoffrey Wagner, who took part in an experimental televised English-literature course as a lecturer at Columbia University, reported his personal experiences in terms that may give college presidents pause. His verdict: TV will not do.

First of all, said Wagner, it soon "became abundantly evident that no young American could reasonably be expected to sit through one hour staring at the same face on the same small screen. Classroom TV is supposed to 'quicken an interest.' In fact, nothing turned out to be more dampening than the flickering image of an elderly teacher, looking weary and unshaven under the television lights. Jokes fell flat, emphasis is missed, and the lack of any personal relationship proves stultifying."

In an attempt to make their lectures "visually interesting," the desperate professor-performers "began to spend hours and hours getting up gimmicks. A production number on Joyce proved nightmarish—there were drawings of Joyce, a cartoon of Joyce, pictures of Joyce's friends, there was Joyce reading from *Finnegans Wake*, but . . .

"Of course, this whole emphasis proved wrong. It sent the lecture off in the direction of anecdotal entertainment, and in turn forced entirely the wrong approach on the teacher."

The teacher loses all sense of contact with his pupils. "A point made in an open lecture can be repeated or developed by the lecturer. On the screen it is gone forever, if at that instant someone coughs, or 'the high dome re-echoes to his nose,' as Pope put it. Nor can the teacher judge how well or how ill he is being comprehended—he has perforce to aim at the lowest common denominator."

Finally wrote Wagner, "the idea that 'English Lit.' is given a sort of contemporary prestige when shown on TV backfired. Students mentally compared the teachers they saw with the professional television actors and actresses they watched at night, and by this iron yardstick, we failed miserably."

Wagner's conclusion ("though one dared not say this to the TV-happy 'educators'"): if U.S. students were required to read more books, they would be better equipped to understand literature "than by attending any number of television lectures."

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MILESTONES

Died, Dr. Gerrit J. Van Heuven Goedhart, 55, tall, intense U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees since 1950, whose office won the 1954 Nobel Peace Prize for its thankless task of finding "permanent solutions" to the plight of some 350,000 anti-Communist refugees in Europe and Asia; of a heart attack while playing tennis; in Geneva, Switzerland. Prewar editor (1920-33) of the big Amsterdam *Telegraaf*, bald, brilliant Dr. Goedhart became a top-ranking resistance leader, later (1944) moved to London as Minister of Justice in the Dutch government in exile. Lately embittered by apparent indifference to the plight of the "hard-core" refugees, Goedhart threatened to resign, crying, "It is a scandal that 65,000 refugees are still living in misery in a Europe bulging with prosperity." But good news reached him just before death struck: the U.S. House of Representatives voted a \$2,000,000 appropriation for his 1950-57 emergency refugee fund.

Died, Charlotte Carr, 66, gusty, bushy-browed social worker, successor to the late Jane Addams as head (1937-43) of Chicago's famed slum settlement Hull House, head of all home relief in teeming New York City during the hard-pressed mid-'30s; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died, Wythe Williams, 74, puckish, pipe-smoking magazine editor and newspaperman, sometime foreign correspondent for the *New York World*, *New York Times*, *Saturday Post* (1925-26), chief correspondent (1931-36) for Hearst papers in London, founding president (1930) of Manhattan's Overseas Press Club of America; of cancer; in Jersey City.

Died, Richard A. ("Old Dick") Glendon, 86, oldtime rowing coach whose crews at Navy and Columbia paced eastern racing for 27 years (1904-1931); in Hyannis, Mass. A fisherman by trade, Dick Glendon taught himself to scull on Boston's Charles River, developed the famed "Glendon stroke" (a long layback).

Died, Judge John Tate Raulston, 87, Tennessee county judge who presided at the celebrated Scopes "monkey trial" (1925); in South Pittsburg, Tenn. A Fundamentalist himself, Raulston helped get Biology Instructor John Scopes, 24, indicted for teaching Darwin's theory of evolution to his county high-school class by reading the opening chapters of *Genesis* to the grand jurors of Bible-belt Rhea County, presided at the trial as Defense Lawyer Clarence Darrow relentlessly badgered Special Prosecuting Attorney William Jennings Bryan with agnostic Biblical quiddities. Baited by Darrow, Raulston snapped: "I hope you do not mean to reflect on the court?" Countered Darrow, gazing absently out of the window: "Well, Your Honor has the right to hope." Scopes was found guilty, and Raulston imposed the fine: \$100.

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The New Pictures

Somebody Up There Likes Me [M-G-M] is the sort of *Lower Depths* that Maxim Gorky might have written had he been born a 20th century American and learned philosophy from Dr. Norman Vincent Peale. Based on the "autobiography" of ex-Middleweight Champion Rocky Graziano (as ghosted by Sports-writer Rowland Barber), the film begins and ends with a treacly title song ("Yes! Somebody up there likes me; Whatever betide me, he'll comfort and guide me. And stand beside me right or wrong . . .") thrillingly delivered by Singer Perry Como.

But when the film gets away from its cozy palship with God, it generates a Gorkian power in chronicling the rise and fall and rise again of a grade-A juvenile delinquent from Manhattan's Lower East Side. It also gives a merited big chance to Actor Paul Newman, 31, who seemed doomed to walk forever in the shadow of Marlon Brando. Newman is still chock full of Brando mannerisms—the animal clumsiness, mumbled speech and hunched shoulders—and he shambles through his scenes as precariously upright as a dancing bear. But there is strength in everything he does, and his occasional tenderness with wife Pier Angeli or his racked mother (Eileen Heckart) is as compelling as his berserk rage against strangers.

As soon as he is old enough to get into real trouble, Graziano begins to ricochet between a cluttered cold-water flat and a series of reformatories, pens and Army prisons. Out of jail, he leads his gang of rocks on street forays—stripping tires from parked cars, hijacking trucks, reaching through tenement windows to steal radios, breaking open subway coin machines. In the hands of the police, he is the classic tough. He spits on the floor of the warden's office, grinds out a cigarette on a psychiatrist's hand, gives a careless guard a knee in the groin. At home, he wars with his besotted father (Harold J. Stone); abroad, he talks with his fists.

The fists prove his salvation when a penetrating instructor shows him how to "make hate work for him." In the prize ring, Graziano remains an undisciplined, roughhouse fighter, but now society applauds instead of imprisoning him. The habit of trouble is not broken. He misses scheduled bouts, tangles with gamblers and boxing commissions. Before he meets Tony Zale for the championship, newspapers break the story that Rocky had been dishonorably discharged from the Army for belting an officer.

The film suggests that the headlines were enough to make Rocky think seriously of making a deal with the crooked gamblers, only to be dissuaded by a pep talk from his neighborhood candy-store proprietor and by a fortuitous reconciliation with his father. *Somebody* ends with Rocky knocking out Zale in a bloody six rounds, but neglects to mention his subsequent run-ins with various boxing com-

missions or his recent triumphs as a high-paid TV star on NBC's *Martha Raye Show*, where he plays Martha's lowbrowed but highhearted suitor.

Paul Newman brings to awesome life the jungle qualities implicit in a slum childhood: Harold Stone, as his father, seems like a Neanderthal survivor blink-



ACTOR NEWMAN IN STREET BRAWL
He put hate to work for him.

ing in the sun at the entrance of his cave, and Eileen Heckart adds a wire-thin hysteria to the role of the mother. Newman's nearly wordless courtship of Pier Angeli was pleasantly drawn by Writer Ernest Lehman and Director Robert Wise. Only the film's religious theme is seriously off key. Somebody up there doubtless likes Rocky. But his film biographers obviously did not know what to make of it, end by being merely embarrassing about the whole thing.

La Strada (Ponti-De Laurentiis: Trans-Lux) is a sad-sweet little fable that introduces Giulietta Masina, a wonderfully fey Italian actress with something in her of both Imogene Coca and Stan Laurel, and with something more: a vernal innocence that is as ageless as it is rare.

Giulietta is a cheerful half-wit, sold by her mother to Anthony Quinn, a carnival strong man who travels about Italy in a motorcycle trailer. The loutish strong man has only one trick, breaking an iron chain by expanding his chest. He uses Giulietta as his daytime slave and nighttime consolation, and she forgives him everything except his brutish indifference. Mostly, she is happy because each day brings them someplace new, where Giulietta can absorbably examine people, the sky, the road, the washing on a line. She delights in small accomplishments: banging a tambourine, blowing six notes on a trumpet, learning ten lines of dialogue in

a hopelessly dismal comedy sketch. Each triumph is enough to make her strut in small-boy pleasure.

They join a circus, and Giulietta watches wide-eyed as a mischievous acrobat (Richard Basehart) baits her surly companion. At the high point of Quinn's act, just as he is about to burst the chain asunder, Basehart comes looping into the ring to say: "You're wanted on the telephone." It is the eternal war of the joyously mad on the brutally strong. In this war Anthony Quinn is always defeated. Just as he is about to grasp his tormentor, he trips. When he pulls a knife, he is arrested.

Freed from jail, Quinn finds Giulietta patiently waiting. Without a word they take to the road again, and on a lonely stretch, encounter Basehart changing a tire. In a cold fury Quinn beats him to death and disguises the murder as an accident. But he has lost again. The murder is written for him to see, every day, in Giulietta's eyes. She whines, rocks dolorously, shrinks from him like a whipped dog. Finally, he abandons her and goes on his way alone. Years later, he learns that she has died, and he crawls down to the sea to howl his despair. A blend of myth and surrealism, the film is a beautifully told allegory—of innocence and the artist and the brute—in which no one wins.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The King and I. A lavish and bouncy musical version in CinemaScope 55 and De Luxe color of the Rodgers and Hammerstein Broadway hit, expertly played by Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr (TIME, July 16).

Moby Dick. Captain Ahab superbly harrows the oceans in his search for the great white whale; with Gregory Peck, Richard Basehart, Leo Genn, Orson Welles (TIME, July 9).

The Killing. Only cops and robbers, but the skulduggery is skillfully controlled by Director Stanley Kubrick (TIME, June 4).

The Swan. Grace Kelly in a royal courtship gets a witty assist from Actor Alec Guinness and Playwright Ferenc Molnar (TIME, April 31).

The Bold and the Brave. A war film with ideas that hit as hard as bullets; with Wendell Corey, Don Taylor, Mickey Rooney (TIME, April 16).

Forbidden Planet. Some fascinating gadgets and a robot butler make life in outer space seem even better than in split-level suburbia. (TIME, April 9).

Richard III. Dirty work at the Tower of London as reported by the propagandist pen of William Shakespeare and chillingly played by Sir Laurence Olivier (TIME, March 12).

The Ladykillers. Master Criminal Alec Guinness, stumbling over the naïveté of sweet old Katie Johnson, drops the picture and the loot. (TIME, March 12).

Picnic. William Holden hits a small Kansas town like a virile cyclone with devastating effects on Rosalind Russell, Kim Novak and Susan Strasberg (TIME, Feb. 27).



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BOOKS

Tale of India

THE SEVEN ISLANDS (157 pp.)—Jon Godden—Knopf [\$3].

The literary precursor of the novel was the tale, originally an oral narrative. In the hands of such latter-day practitioners as Oscar Wilde and Max Beerholm, the tale became a highly sophisticated means of telling a story that would not be believable if told in any other tone of voice. In *The Seven Islands*, Novelist Jon (*The House by the Sea*) Godden makes the unbelievable believable by spinning with quiet skill a stately little tale about India and hanging from its frail threads the weight of an ancient way of life.

The seven islands are holy land surrounded by the sacred waters of the Ganges. Upon one of the islands lives a naked, nameless holy man, the intimate of eagles and snakes, who radiates well-being and gives out serenity "as a flower gives its scent." Trouble begins when a group of Vaishnavas start to build a religious establishment on one of the islands. After years of privation the holy man has shed the "creed of any religion but he believed as the Hindus do that God is in all things, animate and inanimate, that all things are in God." Because he knows the religious project will destroy the living creatures on the islands, he declares war on the interlopers. But in the course of three assaults, in which he enlists the help of an army of snakes and plunders a temple of its god, the sadhu soon succeeds in strengthening his enemies and losing his otherworldliness. For two weeks he does penance, crouched in a cold stone cell where he can neither stand up nor lie down. There, "light and clear and unim-



CAPTAIN WHITFIELD RESCUING THE BOY MANJIRO

A long voyage home.

Gyosai Suzuki—© Kondansha

ped," he finds again the mystic way to bliss. When he emerges from his cell, he is his old serene self; he has learned not "to concern himself with what must be. The fate of the island and its bird inhabitants he had laid in the hand of God." Soon God's way finds a solution to the sadhu's problem that nobody could have anticipated.

Author Godden, sister of Novelist Rumer (*An Episode of Sparrows*) Godden, has told her tale with the simplicity of a fable, leaving her readers to probe for themselves the depths she merely suggests. Few will be persuaded by the tale's fatalism, but many may be intrigued by its mystical conception of the path to truth.

A New Bedford whaler, the *John Howland*, spotted the five starving Japanese who had given up all hope after nearly seven months. Having taken the castaways aboard, Captain William H. Whitfield went right on chasing whales. To Manjiro, whose usual catch was bass, whaling was a mighty experience. Quick, curious and alert, the young lad picked up English rapidly, learned the whaler's tasks and pitched in with a will. Captain Whitfield, a widower, took such a fancy to him that he brought him home (Fairhaven, Mass.), changed his name to John Mung, put him in school and took him to church.*

Manjiro worked as a farm hand, went whaling again, and in 1840 worked his way around the Horn to California, where he prospected for gold. He did not strike it rich, but he saved enough to realize his aim of getting back to Japan and his mother. Foreign ships were not permitted to enter Japanese harbors, but a U.S. captain agreed to drop Manjiro and two of his friends in a small boat which Manjiro had bought and taken aboard. Seventeen days out of Hawaii, the Japanese went over the side, four miles off Ryukyu. Manjiro was home, but it took "months of interrogation" before suspicious officials were satisfied that he had not picked up dangerous ideas.

Good Sense. Actually he had; Manjiro was convinced that Japan must open her doors and adopt Western civilization. He rose rapidly to a position where he could help push open the door—he became a teacher of navigation and English, designed whaling ships built on American

* An influential fellow Unitarian was a Mr. Warren Delano Sr., great-grandfather of F.D.R. Stories about Manjiro were handed down in the family: the late President wrote to Manjiro's son in Japan in 1933 recalling tales his grandfather had told him "about the little Japanese boy who went to school in Fairhaven."



Studio Lisa

NOVELIST GODDEN
A mystic way to bliss.

Pre-Perry Peripatetic

MANJIRO, THE MAN WHO DISCOVERED AMERICA (149 pp.)—Hisakazu Kaneko—Houghton Mifflin [\$2.75].

Books that are really nothing more than footnotes to history are sometimes more engaging than narratives of great events. Such a book is *Manjiro, the Man Who Discovered America*, the story of a young Japanese who found his way to America several years before Commodore Matthew Perry opened up Japan to the world in 1854. Japanese Author Hisakazu Kaneko has turned up in Manjiro an engaging subject, and has written his story in a style that has the warmth and charm of genuine naïveté.

Chasing Whales. Manjiro was the fisherman son of an impoverished Japanese widow. In the feudal Japan of his day, a boy of such low caste could hope for nothing except a life of toil and a full belly each day if he was lucky. But Manjiro was luckier than that. In 1841, when he was 14, the small fishing boat on which he worked was carried out to sea by a storm and drifted to an uncharted island.



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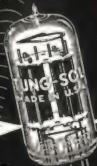
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lines, became the government's best authority on things American. His book, *A Short Cut to English Conversation*, became Japan's standard work on the subject. When missions were sent to Europe and to the U.S., Manjiro went along as interpreter and authority on the West. When he retired, he was financially comfortable (one of his sons became an eminent physician) and was frequently seen in Tokyo's best restaurants wearing the traditional kimono and a derby. He died in 1898.

Author Kaneko has found a pleasant minor subject and has had the good sense to allot it only the significance it deserves. As far as the people of Japan are concerned, Manjiro was indeed The Man Who Discovered America.

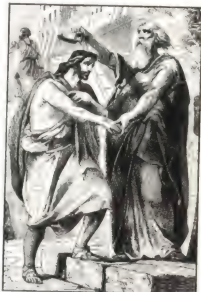
The Undoing of Saul

THE PROPHET & THE KING (382 pp.)—
Shirley Watkins—Doubleday (\$3.95).

The Prophet is Samuel, aging and fallible, last of the theocratic judges who ruled Israel until the 17th century B.C. The King is Saul, chosen by God, through a reluctant Samuel, to expel the Philistines and elevate Israel to "a nation among nations." Though young King Saul won peace and freedom for his countrymen, he was never able to win Samuel's trust or break the old prophet's hold upon a primitive, God-haunted people. The story of the conflict between king and kingmaker, man and God, has been dimmed by divergent accounts in the Old Testament. In Shirley Watkins' novel, the struggle rings out as clearly as the clash of ax on armor.

Double irony. Saul, "a noble column of a man," first irks autocratic Samuel by winning famous victories with no active assistance from the prophet. Later, Saul directly flouts God's will, as interpreted by Samuel, with the air of a man who gets his orders direct. Jealous of Saul and resentful of his own failing prophetic powers, Samuel sets about plotting the upstart king's undoing. Samuel's master stroke is to seek out David, the young poet whom Saul loves like a son. Though David protests his loyalty to Saul, Samuel whispers: "Saul has drawn down upon himself and his house the displeasure of the Lord . . . It is upon you . . . that the choice of the Lord has fallen."

David's anointment is doubly ironic, for it serves wily Samuel's purpose as well as God's; rumors of Samuel's strategy persuade Saul that he has, in fact, been rejected by God. Too late the Witch of Endor warns the king: "Your first sin against God was doubt." Hounded by the sense that he has failed God's trust, Saul loses faith in himself and those around him. Suspicion of David (who becomes a national hero with the slaying of Goliath) gnaws at Saul's soul until he is obsessed with the idea that he must either kill David or be killed by him. Even after he recognizes David's loyalty, Saul convinces himself that he must hunt David to his death to preserve Israel's hard-won unity. Interrupted by an invasion from



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SAMUEL ANOINTING KING SAUL
The first sin was doubt.

the north, Saul sees his sons killed in the first crushing defeat of his reign. Bloodstained and abandoned by God, he falls on his sword as the Philistines sweep back into Israel.

To Self-Destruction. Shirley Watkins, 59, wife of a Lancaster, Pa. newspaper publisher and herself a onetime reporter, has a newsman's respect for history—even a shadowy saga of 30 centuries ago. In 14 years of patient writing (this is her third novel in 28 years), she has constructed her oppressive story with fidelity and compelling logic. The strength of the book lies in her imaginative but firm characterization of the soldiers, seers and courtiers who were enmeshed in Saul's downfall. But above them all towers brooding Saul, a complex, courageous, often noble man, whose tragic flaw carries him inevitably through doubt and guilt to self-destruction under the eye of a Jehovah not far removed, in time or temper, from Sophocles' Zeus.

Mongrel Hero

OLD YELLER (158 pp.)—Fred Gipson—Harper (\$2.75).

All books about faithful dogs have one thing in common: almost complete immunity from literary criticism. Who would be rash enough to examine the soft underbelly of *Bob, Son of Battle* or cock an ear to the corny notes in *The Voice of Bugle Ann*? The same armor of sentimentality will surely protect *Old Yeller*, Texas Author Fred Gipson, onetime newsman and veteran of the pulps, has written double insurance into his third novel. Not only is *Old Yeller* a mongrel of rare courage and devotion; his 14-year-old master, Travis, totes about as much man on his boyish frame as any adolescent in recent fiction.

Now *Old Yeller* wasn't much to look at; big, ungainly and downright ugly, with his



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mangy yellow coat and sneak-thief ways. But in Texas of the 1860s, with father away on a cattle drive to Kansas and mother and small brother to look after, Travis figured that any cur around the farm was better than none. Old Yeller had just drifted in from nowhere, helped himself to a nice side of meat and decided that he had found a home. As it turned out, Old Yeller did great things for the isolated little family. He ran down rabbits and treed squirrels for the table. He helped keep coons out of the corn patch, and when a raging she-bear made for little brother, Old Yeller pitched into her with yelp and fang and held her at bay until the boy was rescued. He saved Travis from a herd of killer hogs, proved again and again that when the chips are down a dog's character can't be gauged by his conformation.

Knowing craftsmen in the dog-story game have practically made a convention of the tragic ending, and Author Gipson is not the man to trifle with convention. So Old Yeller has to go. But with his sure knowledge of Texas frontier life, a brace of engaging heroes and a loose-jointed, simple style to match, Author Gipson can probably depend on a substantial crowd of dog lovers eager to follow Old Yeller all the way to his bier.

To the Beach

FALCONER'S VOYAGE (256 pp.)—Hugh Hickling—Houghton Mifflin (\$3.50).

World War II produced no more unlovely objects than the lumbering, boxlike boats known as landing craft, tank (LCT). In grunting, ponderous procession, they nosed in on landing beaches, dropped gaping jaws to disgorge tanks, trucks and men on shell-torn beaches. Their mission was dangerous but not dashing, and their ill-assorted officers were drawn together in a curiously defiant camaraderie of the mocked.

From this unlikely material Novelist Hugh Hickling has distilled a parable of man at war and an odd, rapt bit of poetry of the sea. There are no storms, either of men or of elements, as the clumsy LCT flotilla makes its way from the Firth of Clyde to its appointment with history on the beaches of Normandy. Personalities clash, but, as they must under the imperatives of war, such clashes collapse inconclusively.

How It Was. The British Navy is not the U.S. Navy. But many an old salt, now grown stolid in civilian grey flannel, who never did recognize himself in the labored breathing, self-conscious obscurities, and raw emotionalism detailed in most war books, will relish in *Voyage's* sharp vignettes the recognition of things he saw and never knew he saw, and will think, yes, this is how it was.

Alex Falconer is a bearded, swashbuckling lieutenant who bullies his crew and junior officers, gulps down immense quantities of whisky, cheats at cards, and venches indiscriminately. The slow trip down Britain's east coast becomes, in part, Lieutenant Falconer's uneasy odyssey in

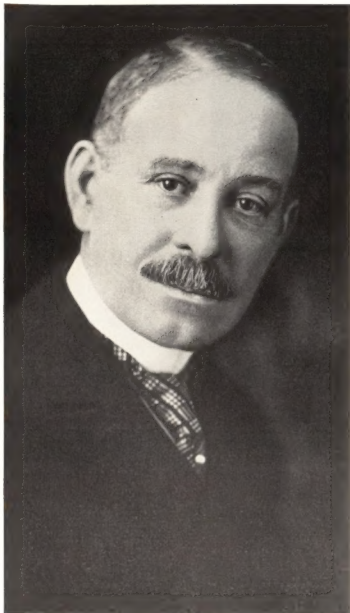


NOVELIST HICKLING
To old salts, this is how it was.

search of his own soul—a search begun when he learns that a chance bed companion is to bear him a child, and completed when he walks along the littered beach at Normandy. "All along the shore, bodies—beautiful, naked, torn and shattered bodies, a head here, an arm, a leg there—protruded like marbles from the sapphires of the sea and the golden desert of the sands, and the sunshine of eternity rang around them . . . For an age—one lonely, solitary, divine and everlasting moment—the full impact of the terrible destiny of his fellowmen struck Falconer between his eyes . . . A love for all his brothers, a pity in all their foolish and vain sacrifices, covered his eyes in sorrow and gladness."

Delicate Balance. Hickling writes of the sea and his ungainly craft with the accuracy of a seaman, the eye of a poet, and a prose that suggests he profitably studied Conrad. His descriptions transform the experiences of the sea from something noted into something experienced; though they sometimes teeter on the brink of preciousity ("A filibuster of surf"), they rarely lose their delicate balance. Sample: "About the ship the sea resounded with fantastic whispers, occasionally erupting against the shivering bows: it moved like a beast asleep."

Falconer's *Voyage* is a first novel for Hickling, a 35-year-old lawyer who served on just such an LCT during World War II. Since then, he has joined the company of those peripatetic Britons of the civil service who once built the Empire to glory, is currently serving as legal adviser to the Malaysian state of Johore. Says Novelist Hickling: "To anyone interested in the human race, novels ought to be as important as laws . . . every self-respecting novelist is a potential lawyer because he must be concerned, whether he likes it or not, with the rules of human conduct."



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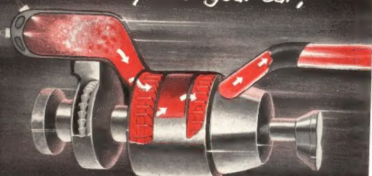
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MISCELLANY

The Naked Truth. In Los Angeles, Mrs. Juanita Bradley, 27, won a divorce after testifying that her husband tried to drown her at the beach because she refused to play strip poker, complained to the court: "I don't even know how to play poker."

Airtight Case. In Dayton, Ky., Dick Beuerlein, 24, escaped from jail where he was being held on a reckless-driving charge, was recaptured two hours later, explained to cops: "I've got claustrophobia."

Public Service. In Southsea, England, a notice was posted on the wall of the Tudor Rose Café, where bosomy Marian Weeks was employed: "Patrons are kindly requested not to waste the waitress's time by asking for her vital statistics . . . They are 4½, 26, 37. 'S true."

Station Break. In Santa Monica, Calif., Mrs. Doris S. Carnes won a divorce after testimony that her husband was so domineering he marked which TV programs she could watch each night while he was out working the late shift.

Snap Judgment. In St. Louis, Edwin Balk was fined \$500 after his barber testified in court: "He asked for a short haircut, and that's what I gave him. After I got through, he looked in the mirror and yelled, 'You've cut off my sideburns,' then jumped out of the chair, threw the apron in my face and twisted my arm round until it broke."

The Children's Hour. In Springfield, Ohio, Mrs. Rosa Apone put a classified ad in the local paper—"Child Care, hour, day, week. Inexperienced, unreliable, unreasonable rates, no references"—next day got 50 phone calls from interested parents.

It Takes a Heap of Looting. In Van Nuys, Calif., caught with stolen goods in his home, 20-year-old Robert Lee Hunter explained to the police: "I was just trying to prove to my father-in-law that I could support his daughter as well as he could."

Agent Provocateur. In Crescent Beach, S.C., after three vacationers called police to report a bee swarm blocking the way into their house, Police Chief Howard Bailey replied: "I can't beat a bee with a blackjack, I can't shoot them and I can't arrest them. Tell you what. If you'll get 'em drunk, I'll come down and see what I can do."

The Gentler Sex. In Oshawa, Ont., 27-year-old Cyril Arsenault was sentenced to three months in jail for assault after Nurse Ella Chalmers testified: "He put a headlock on me, and I forced my fingers between his teeth to twist his jaw around. I punched him on the nose and made it bleed. I let him up twice because I won't hit even a man when he's down."



FRENCH CALENDAR CLOCK. Lower dial shows months, days, dates, phases of moon. From the famous Old Charter Collection.

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